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NE
For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"It could be so, did we but will it so!"

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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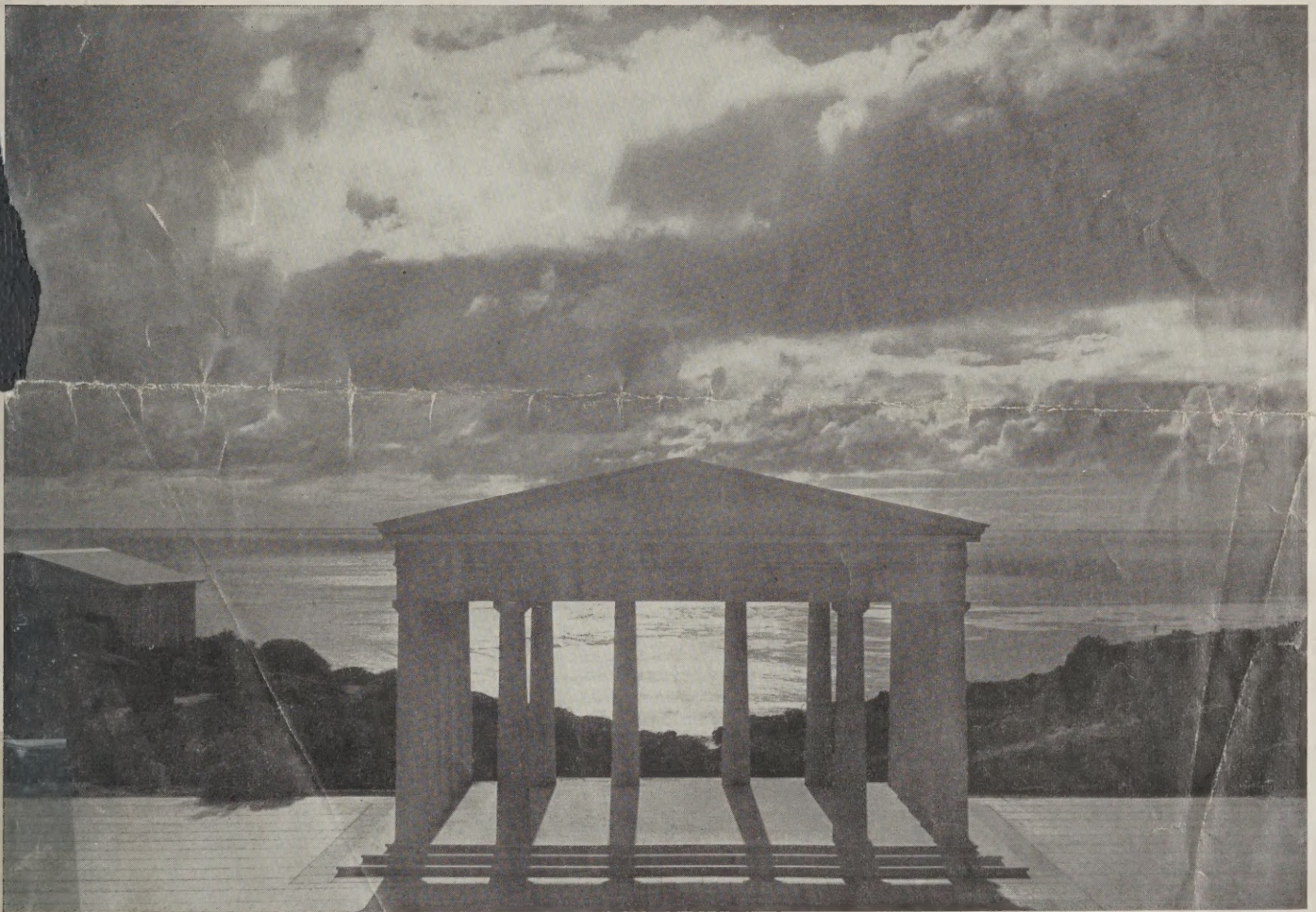
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PEACE ON THE DEEP

An Ocean Sunset through the columns of the Greek Theater, Point Loma

The Science of Self-Knowledge

MEN who will not accept any form of the current religion have nevertheless as a rule some sort of philosophy of life. At the least they think that there is some Power and Purpose behind things which make life more than it seems, which make it of long-range importance to them that they do their duty and lend a kindly helping hand when they can. They may not

feel able to go beyond that. And even that they may not think is capable of actual proof.

But there is a Science of Self-knowledge, and it has a special message for such men as this. It shows them the way to put their ideas on a firm foundation and *know* where now they only *hope*. For there is much more knowledge in us than most of us are aware of. And it can be got at by the proper kind of searching.

Everyone knows that there are at least two of him, a better and a worse. Both are at work all the time. When a man is doing wrong he is conscious of a steady protest from his higher nature. When he is firmly doing right his lower nature may be steadily pulling upon him to drop his duty and do something pleasant.

But the higher nature is capable of more than uttering a protest or just sustaining a man in the discharge of his duty. It may come right out and take charge. At every fire, in every shipwreck, there are always some few who "forgot themselves," as the saying is, and stand perfectly ready to throw away their lives for the saving of others.

So if the lower nature may disregard the voice of the higher, the higher may on occasion disregard the lower and even force it to its death. The higher knows nothing of fear; that belongs to the lower entirely.

The poet and musician may likewise "forget themselves" in their highest moments of composition, forget almost all that concerns the lower nature, hunger, cold, discomfort, everything about them, till they have written down what their inspiration has brought them.

A man has several "natures" that may draw him and guide his conduct. His animal nature draws him one way—too often into mistakes for which he may have to pay dearly in more than one form; his intellectual nature draws him into the world of thought and study, of science and invention; another part of his nature may draw him to expressions of color and sound, to music and art and poetry. Led by his highest nature, he will love his fellows, work for their welfare, and perhaps throw away his life for them. Nature is a ladder upon any step of which a man may stand. He can make his choice. To see all this clearly is the first step in the science of self-knowledge.

What has this science to say about death?

At death the *animal* nature is let go of. *It* dies. Shall we say that the *man* dies with it? Or is he gathered into his higher nature and made one with it, to live on still? When the ship's captain sacrifices "himself" for the passengers, standing back from the boats that they may enter, is it not because he has *held on to* his higher nature, that he has been strong enough to let the other go, the body, the animal? Did *he* go into the sea along with the sinking ship?

Sometimes the man almost visibly survives his body. It is not unusual to find that towards the close of a long illness, when the animal body has nearly run down to its last, the *man*, thinking and planning for others, is at his best and clearest and sees most light through the gateway he is nearing. As long as the organs of speech remain under his command he will be speaking as one whose mind is in its fullest conscious activity. Does it not seem as if the proper way to describe the process would be to say that the body was *dying away from the man*? That, at any rate, is the way *he* would describe it so long as he could get the lips to speak at all. He

would say that at last he had come to self-knowledge and *knew* what he spoke of. Each of us can learn for himself and in himself this science of self-knowledge. Everyone that will search out and live by his higher nature will come to know that *he* cannot die, that death is only the dying away of the animal from him. He was living before the animal part of him was brought into existence and will remain living in his higher nature after the animal is dead. And it is possible, even now while we are "alive," to understand that richer and fuller life from which we come and to which we return.

"I will *be* at my best," and "I will *do* at my best," are two sides of the same state of mind, the same resolution; and they are the way to the science of self-knowledge. All along the day there are opportunities for the taking up of this attitude and action—till at last they have become permanent and habitual. It is the true "I," that center which we want to know, which thus awakes itself and at last understands itself. Then there is true knowledge, true dignity, true self-respect. The man walks as a living power for good among his fellows, heart and mind at one, knowing his divinity and his immortality, seeing the Purpose behind life, in conscious touch with the Power of which each of us is an emanation, the Power that sustains all things, that is ever at hand for the help and encouragement and strengthening of those who are honestly trying. Is not the effort worth while?

STUDENT

Through the Gate

THE man sat in his cell, thinking. He had been in about a week and was beginning to know the map of the place and the map of his duties. He was feeling as blue as most men do feel in such a case.

He surveyed the situation, asked questions and did his own answering.

"Any hope of getting out?" None. In ten years he might begin to be asking that question of himself; but not yet.

"Any hope of the situation being relieved in any way?" No.

"Just live on like this from day to day and year to year?" Yes.

"I can read. There seems to be a pretty good library." What's the use? When you close the book you come back to this again, as it was and as you were.

So he debated with himself, tossing the ball to and fro. Then he went to bed.

In the morning, with the weight of it still hanging over him, he was mooning in the yard, hands in his pockets, pacing under the high wall. It was Sunday and there was no work to do, nothing to do till dinner and nothing to look forward to in *that*! After that, the slow afternoon in the cell; supper brought around—weak tea and bread—; after that, the slower evening.

Ten years of it to come. Five hundred Sundays like this!

Other Sundays of bygone years came up across his memory and didn't make the present any pleasanter.

The warden passed, looked at him keenly, and stopped.

"I know how it is, old man," he said kindly. "Things look pretty black. I wish I could make it better, somehow, for the chaps just in. Later on it won't be so bad. A man can adapt himself to anything and get a little juice out of the driest old apple. I know something like what you've been thinking, that gray, changeless look of the future stretching way down in front. There *isn't* anything much of a change to be looked for, that's a fact. *Outside* you, anyhow. Ever think of trying the inside?"

"How's that?"

"Trying inside you for what you can't get outside you."

"I'm afraid I don't catch on."

"I'll try and lay out the idea." And he took the man's arm and strolled along slowly with him. The man felt his kindness and strength and was willing to hear what there might be to say.

"A man is more'n he seems to be," resumed the warden after a minute. "Some fellows live on the outside altogether, have to have someone to talk to, gad-around affairs to be busy with, a lot of things they're going to do, always some sort of excitement and stir and clatter.

"But there's a deeper sort that find what they need in themselves more, rather silent fellows and plenty in what they say when they do speak. Don't seem to need or want all that outside stir and froth.

"Supposing you were to ask yourself every morning for the next month how you were feeling inside. 'Blue,' you'd say. 'Blue, same as yesterday and the day before. Why not? What is there around? Where's any sunlight?'

"Very natural, old man. No blame from here for that. But it's only the outer part of you. You've got a deeper part, if you could get at it, that's never blue, always in the sunlight and never the same two hours, let alone two days. You've got that in you. Every man has. But they can't or they won't connect with it, won't get into the other life where there's nothing like monotony, and no grays and blues. If they did they'd be satisfied outside and eternally full and happy inside."

"How's the getting at it?" said the other. He was slightly suspicious. Was a sermon and the usual exhortations about to be run in on him? Was this the introduction?

The warden seemed to have caught his suspicion. "This is no sermon," he said; "it's the common sense of how to live. What in thunder do men think their conscience is or means, if it don't mean that there's a Presence with them all the time, part of themselves, too, that's looking on at what they do and wants to help them not to do what'll only bring them pain? Deaf and

blind as most men are, this thing manages to get *something* through to them."

The two, still arm in arm, had got round to the yard gate. Through its bars was visible the wide flower garden beyond, running out to the road. The scent of the roses came through the gate; they could see a hummingbird flying from flower to flower and even hear the whir of its wings.

"A man's mind," said the warden. "Two parts to it. In one he's a prisoner, shut in by four walls. Every man, I mean. But there's a little gate in his mind leading to the other part, the part full of flowers and birds and scents and guests all the time coming and going. Why don't men live in the garden part?"

"Don't know it's there," said the other. "How do you know it?"

"Because I've seen it and for little times get through to it," said the warden gravely. "And so could you and every man. Men keep the keys to their own gate and keep it locked against themselves. Take a look into yourself all the time, by day and by night and of a morning early. Look *through* the gloom and the gray and blue; don't take any notice of them. In no long time you'll begin to see the garden and that other self of yours that walks in it, and after that you'll find a way to get through the gate and live the other side. Stand up to your duties here; keep the rules; be friendly and kindly and helpful to the rest. And keep up your hope. It won't be forever before you win out and begin a new life; we'll call it the garden and sun and flower life—which more than one now here has found. Found, mind you, just because he was here; never would have outside. Try this out, old man, just as if you believed it. Only try it. I'll keep a friendly eye on you all the time and do what I can to help—which isn't much, maybe, but it's something, a little here and there. I would like to see the boys happier here. And it's possible if they'd only believe it."

REPORTER



The Heroic Side

EVERYBODY likes a hero, whether he is in a book, a play, or in real life. We feel a sort of kinship with him; we are on his side even if our own lives show but little that is heroic. Whether the story of the hero—or heroine—is printed or played or actually lived, it appeals to something in us which we feel has also the capacity of rising to the occasions if we would but let it work itself out.

Yet as we watch others facing danger, loneliness, suffering or death, we often believe they will be able to endure things which, in our own case, would make us quail. But the fact is, it is not the suffering and loneliness to which we surrender, but to the *fear* of them. Once we overcome the fear which clouds the world's thought-atmosphere, we rise into a sunlight of certainty and find in ourselves the elements that are

everlasting. Something in us always has been, and is, and always will be; and the immortal side of our nature knows that it is beyond the touch of either injury or loss.

The reason why we do not feel this certainty of hope at all times is because we are too busy, feeling our feelings and living in our body's senses and sensations. Even the much-quoted "strenuous life" is, in reality, superficial, only skin-deep. But this need not be, and the first step toward finding the real self is simply to believe

understand more of himself and more of his fellows.

With a group of people marooned together on some island at sea, it would make all the difference how they took it. Even one hopeless, or hot-tempered or tricky person would affect the others badly; while one courageous, cheery, unselfish chap would tone them all up and unite them in helpful ways. So with the human voyagers who are marooned in prison. They have got out of the regular social channels; but they can do for themselves and for each other what no one else can. Even a few



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ANCIENT MOSAIC RECENTLY UNCOVERED DURING EXCAVATION ON THE ITALIAN ROYAL ESTATES
(Query: Had that old artist a sense of humor?)

in it. Belief in a good thing is a practical beginning toward making it come true. There is a richness and largeness and freedom stored away in every human heart, that can be found, even under the worst conditions.

A man who is on good terms with his Heroic Self, never lacks company and is never dull. The simple determination to live up to his best, changes everything for him and helps others who are around him. He will sleep sweeter and wake up more refreshed; he will treat his body with more respect; will carry his chest higher and walk with a freer, firmer step; the monotonous details of daily routine will have a new meaning and will no longer make him feel that he is at the end of things. He will have a reserve fund of interest in life as his mind and heart reach out and expand in the effort to

of them uniting in a manly effort can raise the whole tone of the place and enable the warden and officials to meet them in a new spirit of respect and trust.

If every man in a prison decided to do himself justice and stand forth at his best, come what would, they would soon begin to grow more heroic and courageous. A veritable wave of prison reform would develop in such a center and would expand outward in ever-increasing circles. Ideas are contagious, and the rest of the world would realize that it had something yet to learn about prisoners—and other men.

It is truly said that out of the heart come the issues of life; and vital growth, whether of a single cell of matter or of a man, is always from within outward. The process is the same, whether the form be that of an onion or of an angel.

MARNIER

Will-Training

THE stuff men are made of is shown up more quickly in self-denial of the little things of life than in anything else. It will dishearten the weak ones and develop and strengthen the ones who possess backbone. Self-denial is a thing that may be forced on any man and everyone should train himself to be able to meet it.

When Emerson said, "Train thyself in the little things and thence proceed to greater," he did not set any limit on how small the things should be. It is the small things that reveal character most faithfully.

A well-known Chicago business man used to carry a prune in his pocket constantly when he was a young man. He did it because he was excessively fond of prunes and wanted to see if he could have one with him all of the time and resist the temptation to eat it. Not that the prune would have done him any harm, but he simply wanted to settle once and for all which was the stronger—his will or his appetite.

Most men laugh when they hear this story. But if you meet this man you'll find a man of calm, steady, confident strength. Maybe the prune incident did not create his will-power, but it proved to him that he had it and furthermore taught him how to use it. Try yourself on any of your little habits. For example in eating. We all eat too much at times or eat many things that we know will harm us. Make a list of these things and try to resist. You will give in eight times out of ten because you are weak.

Of course you will deny this indignantly, declaring that the things are not of enough importance. If your will-power cannot conquer the unimportant things, how about the really big things? Training the will-power is exactly the same thing as training the muscles. Very few men can stand stiff-legged and reach down and put the palms of their hands on the floor. Try it yourself. Then keep on trying, as little as ten times each morning, and in a week it will be easy for you. But if you stop for a week you will have to begin all over again.

In the same way the will must be kept in constant training. The big things don't come every day, so you will have to utilize the little, every-day things. The man with a trained will-power is much stronger and more efficient in the big crises than the self-indulgent man.—From *Current Opinion*

There is something to be added to all that, good as it is. You cannot will *not* to do anything. Will is always positive. It never contains a *not*. When you have seemed to use your will *not* to do something, what you have really done is to use it to will *to do* something else. You can't abstain from eating too much by willing *not* to, but by willing to get up when you have had enough. The man abstained from his prune by willing his mind on to another matter. You will *not* be lazy by willing *to be* alert and active.

Will is guided by imagination. What a man imagines

himself strongly enough as doing, that he will do. If he wants to get over being lazy and makes a resolution to that effect, he must imagine himself as passing alertly from duty to duty, from one occupation to another. When New Year's resolutions fail it is partly due to insufficiently used and insufficiently sustained imagination, and partly to wrong use of imagination. The resolver imagines himself with his bad habit; then puts on a *not*; and supposes himself to have willed as he wants. He should have directed his imagination much less on the habit—for his dwelling upon it in thought may even have strengthened it—and much more on himself, imagining in himself the feeling of power, imagining himself as turning calmly to an opposite line of conduct. Since we are souls, not puppets, we have unlimited power to draw on. But it cannot act unless we furnish it a channel by the imagination. To conquer wrong-doing, imagine a right-doing, not a *not* wrong-doing. To kill the ache and pain of discontent with unalterable outer conditions, imagine yourself feeling peaceful. That will be a touch of the peace itself and a little further practice will give you the whole thing.

Some philosophers have thought the whole universe to be the creative work of imagination. Deity *imagined*, they said; and then will entered the vast picture and made it alive and real. And we, rays of that Deity, ourselves with a spark of that same creative imagination and will, see and live in the picture in all its life and reality. We can attain to use of that power, beginning the practice by re-creating ourselves, by imagining the truth that we are sons of the Divine.

It is the first little step that costs. After that the process of self-mastery is pure happiness. STUDENT



Just Drop Them

"YES, the man was most insulting; it was a thoroughly unpleasant scene and I have dropped it from my mind."

He spoke as quietly as if he had referred to a very easy proceeding.

"Can that be done?" I asked. "Are unpleasant things like hot chestnuts that you can just drop the moment you choose to? To me at any rate, they seem more like angry wasps, that follow you wherever you go."

"They are something like that from one point of view," he answered. "But they can be changed into the hot chestnut form and then dealt with by the simple method of dropping."

"How?"

"I might say, Just by practice. But that is too simple for the whole prescription. When a man's dead and passed to something better they say he leaves his ghost behind him. But he don't have to be dead for that. He makes his ghost as he goes along and it keeps at his elbow. It's his body of memories and it's always trying to talk them into his mind. Some are pleasant

and he's willing to have it talk them. Some are painful or very unpleasant and it mostly talks these whether he's willing or not. But the pleasant ones usually turn out to be painful too in the end. They may wake up remorse, or regret, or keen longing that cannot be gratified. Better learn to drop the whole lot."

"But how?"

"Don't let in any of 'em. You *can* keep out or drop the pleasant ones, and they're no real good. Doing that is the only way that I know of to get the power to keep out or drop the unpleasant ones—even an insulting thing said to you yesterday."

"It seems hard, almost cruel, to refuse oneself the pleasure of looking back."

"Yes it does. But stop it, anyway, till you have full control of the situation. And—to turn the thing the other way about—don't look forward to anything pleasant if you want the power to refuse the anticipation of anything unpleasant. Practise living in this point of time."

"But won't it feel mighty empty?"

"You're in it, aren't you? And *now's* in it. If a fellow will make *now* his steady companion, he'll move forward with it, both of 'em getting bigger and fuller."

"Fuller of what?"

"Happiness. Light."

"But if neither of these are in his life?"

"You mean in his surroundings? Makes no difference. Both will be in *him*. Put hope and heart and energy into *now*, and now will pay you back a hundredfold. The thing only wants a few weeks' practice, and then you'll find you're growing in health and happiness. Your brain and heart will be full of the sense of life and progress, a fuller sense by far than you could ever get from outer circumstances, acquisitions or doings. Men only want these things to get more sense of life, and this is a better way, sure, and with *permanent* results. A man can find *himself* if he'll learn to boss his mind with his will and his good judgment, and *himself* is a soul that has not any limit to its growth and its happiness and light."

REPORTER

Self-Rulership

AS I looked at the needle of the little mariner's compass on my table, it suddenly gave a swerve, oscillated a while, and then settled down pointing nearly *west*! It stood like that for some minutes and then as suddenly returned to the proper direction.

This happened from time to time of a morning, and at first I could not imagine the reason of it. Finally I "caught on." My neighbor was an electrician, and in his experimenting he would put a current through an electro-magnet on his bench. The magnet was so strong that though the breadth of the street separated us the influence could affect my little compass needle.

I went to bed thinking of that a good deal, and in the night I had a dream about it. I dreamed that *I* was my

compass needle. As I sat quiet in the case it suddenly occurred to me that I would try another position and, just for the fun of it, point a while to the west. I did so, and smiled as I looked up and saw the perplexity on the face of the man bending over me.

I got tired of this after a few minutes and went back to my usual pointing, thinking that both movements had been entirely of my own free will.

In the jar of the movement I awoke.

And there, it seemed to me, was a moral quite open. Men are connected in some queer way not understood, just as magnets are, all men; but the connexion is closer between some than between others—for instance people of the same nation and still more the same family.

A young fellow was once telling me how nearly he had come to theft. "I don't know why I did not do it," he said; "I had my hand in the till when suddenly I wouldn't; simply that, just wouldn't. And thank God I never got the temptation again. Never had it before, either."

Men don't know where their impulses come from, either for good or evil, in the general case. They may be of the man's own making, or they may come in from "the air," from another "magnet" across the "street." (But it may be a very wide "street" in this case.)

So another moral comes in view. Don't take your moods and thoughts as you find them from hour to hour. Decide your own mood over night, when you are at your best, and grasp it firmly first thing in the morning. If we would practise and learn to stand "above ourselves" in that way we should soon stand above all troubles and be centers of far-reaching light to many a weaker man who will never know, maybe, where his new strength and hope and courage come from. This is the true way to "get out into the world." For the more one keeps at this manly and noble work the more consciously felt and known is one's connexion with the world.

STUDENT

Man's Mission

"MAN'S Mission"—if we hold the words for a moment we see that they imply a purpose in our lives, some sort of special work to be done, and a sender. Each of us should look upon himself in this way, as sent into this his life by his overstanding god-nature, by his god, to do a work. What the work is, is for each of us to find out as his mind ripens to new comprehension. It will be no common task, but something very glorious to understand and to do and to see the results of. Very glorious will be the gradual recognition of one's higher nature, the god-self, and increasing clearness of communion with it.

It all comes gradually, this knowledge of our work and of our sender. There is an inner pressure, urging us to do the common duties of life well, not to omit anything. That brings peace and a sense of the approval or benediction of something within. It is the first

knowledge of the actual existence and companionship of the divine self. Its light shines along the channel of the duties done, and we begin to find that because of that energizing light from above, these common deeds of duty seem to be effecting more than they used to, spreading peace around us, allaying troubles, altogether working in unexpected and beneficent ways. So we know, even in the first few days of the new life, that we are on the right track. New duties and opportunities of work and service begin to present themselves and open out, apparently accidentally. But we are not deceived. We know what is going on. It is our own growth and strength and capacity to do. We treat these new and larger duties in the same spirit. And we find, as each day closes and we look back at its experiences, that we are becoming more and more aware of two natures, two selves: one, the common self of ordinary thought and conduct; the other, specially sensed in these moments of quiet and silence, the overstanding Presence, the Christos Spirit, now becoming known to us in surety.

So through duties done in this new way, this spirit of service, we get nearer and nearer to a great awakening, an awakening which in most cases only comes (and then but as a gleam) just after death. Death is but the gate to a temple of rest. When the rest is finished we come forth here again into life; and life is the real field of our task. But we must live it more fully than ever yet. The real life is entered when all duties are met as steps upon a noble path. We know that we are living it when we have found the peace and joy of the doing of them and the growing strength for ever larger and deeper ones; and when the mind is becoming more and more assured of a light that is dissolving away its limitations and perplexities and doubts and giving it new insight and clearness. Then we come in sight of our real task, see with what mission we have been charged and enter more and more into union with the spiritual selves of which we are the messengers and reflections upon earth.

STUDENT

If, when reading, you recognize the ideas as true and great, it is because you already had them in you, in the best part of your nature. The book has opened the way from this part into your work-a-day mind.

Read some book or writing that does this for you, a book that throws light on life, for a few minutes every night and recall in the morning what you read. Gradually the outer mind will become altered, deepened, serene.

This is the highest use of reading, to tune the outer, work-a-day mind to that inner mind of which so few of us know anything, but because of whose presence in us we can say that we are divine.

To copy out a little of what we read and think over it a few minutes is to quicken the work going on within us.

A BOOK-LOVER

Hassan's Proverb

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

KING Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say,
When aught went wrong or any project failed:
"Tomorrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept and so prevailed.

Long live this proverb! While the world shall roll
Tomorrows, fresh, shall rise from out the night,
And new baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for its never-ending fight.

No one, I say, is conquered till he yields;
And yield he need not, while, like mist from glass,
God wipes the stain of life-old battlefields
From every morning that he brings to pass.

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,
O soul, thy cheerful creed! What's yesterday,
With all its shards and wrack and grief, to thee?
Forget it, then—here lies the victor's way.



His Secret

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I SPOKE a traveler on the road
Who smiled beneath his leaden load,
"How play you such a blithesome part?"
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

I questioned one whose path with pain
In the grim shadows long hath lain,
"How face you thus life's thorny smart?"
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

I hailed one whom adversity
Could not make bend the hardy knee,
"How such brave seeming? Tell the art!"
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"—*Selected*



Freedom

(An Eastertide Thought)

BY F. J. DICK

THE price of freedom sweet is living purely,
For souls are free that conquer snares of sense;
Unselfish deeds and thoughts are bringing surely
Again the Light—so long departed hence—
That wrapped the sea and sky in weirdest beauty
When bards and kings held sway o'er air and earth.
The wondrous keys of Selflessness, and Duty,
Awake in us the Gods who gave us birth.—*Century Path*



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Notes for the Way

THE senses and powers of bodily action are justly esteemed, but the thinking faculty is greater. Greater than that is the discriminating power that guides it, and greatest of all is He, the true Self, the immortal. *Thou art that.*—Indian

LET us conceive of Deity as the Absolute, Infinite, All-powerful, Divine Essence permeating the life of everything that breathes and expressing itself even in the flowers, in the song of the birds, in the wind and the waves, in all that Nature presents to us. The invisible forces lying behind the outer expressions of Nature are identical with the invisible forces which work through ourselves, and from these we learn the inner truths.

—Katherine Tingley

TRUE liberty is not liberty to do as one likes. True liberty is emancipation from one's likes and dislikes. When the will is no longer enslaved by these it works of itself in ways beyond our ken, bringing about all things that are necessary for our welfare.—*Lines on a palm leaf*

THE power to meet a future situation can never come by looking forward anxiously to it. To acquire this power keep putting your best into the *present conditions*. The musician becomes perfect by practising the instrument he now has, not by looking forward to a more difficult one that he may sometime come to play.—*The Notebook*

MAN's mission is to be God's warrior. We must fight or die; between morning and night one wins or loses as many battles as there are moments. It is the concern of all men to make the moments of the day divine. Man is a fighting animal when he is not a fighting god.—*Kenneth Morris*

THERE is no man who does not at some time feel within him a power urging him to acts of compassion, to brotherhood, to sympathy with the joys and pains of others. If he yields to it, as time goes on, he will become daily a nobler and richer character, a truer friend, helper and counselor of others. A natural dignity will develop about him; his mind will outgrow the littlenesses, spites, whims, prejudices, dislikes, and empty and fruitless aims that before obscured it. It will become steady, and wisdom will ripen in him. He will become habitually serene, his mind constantly clear, and its workings pleasant; his bodily appetites will pass more fully under his control. In a word, he will be healthier in mind, body and soul; to a degree in no other way possible he will have himself completely in hand.—*Century Path*

ONE life upon earth is rightly held to be a discipline and a preparation for a higher and eternal life hereafter. But if limited to the duration of a single mortal body, it is so brief as to seem hardly sufficient for so grand a purpose. Three score years and ten must surely be an inadequate preparation for eternity.—*Professor Bowen of Harvard.*

Heard This?

Small Boy, to girl behind the counter: I don't see no ham in this here sandwich, lady.

Girl: Oh, you ain't come to it yet.

Small Boy, after pause: Ain't no ham yet, lady.

Girl: You've bit over it now.

Mirandy, fo' de Lawd's sake don't let dem chickens outer dis here yahd. Shut dat gate.

What for, Aleck? Dey'll come home, won't dey?

'Deed dey won't. Dey'll go home.

Learning the touch system:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said:

'xq %? \$= 79zx -q "¢:½?&fz !(."

Diner, to waitress: But where's the saucer?

Waitress: We don't serve no saucers with our cups. There's low fellows that would drink out of them and then we'd lose our swell guests.

Hotel manager, to a waiter: Jones, what did that gent from table No. 7 leave so suddenly for?

Waiter: Well, sir, he sat down and asked for sausages, and I told him we were out of them; but if he would care to wait a few minutes I could get the cook to make some.

Well, what then?

I went to the kitchen and accidentally trod upon the dog's tail, and of course it yelped. And suddenly the gent got up and left.

THERE came to the home of a negro in Tennessee an addition to the family in the shape of triplets. The proud father hailed the first man who came along the road and asked him in to see them. The man, who was an Irishman, seemed greatly interested in the infants as he looked them over, lying in a row before him.

What does yo' think? asked the parent.

Well—pointing to the one in the middle—I think I'd save that one.

Orator, reaching peroration: The British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell.

New England farmer, coming in from down town: Hum, ho! Deacon Jones wants me to be pall-bearer to his wife's funeral.

Wife: Wal, you're goin' ter be, ain't ye?

Farmer: I dunno. Y' know, when Deacon Jones's fust wife died, he asked me to be a pall-bearer, an' I did; an' then his second wife died, an' I did the same for him again. An' then he married the Perkins gal, and she died, an' I was pall-bearer to that funeral too. An' now—wal, I don't like to be all the time acceptin' favors without bein' able to return 'em.

2.05 *Stack*
VE

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

EDITED BY HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

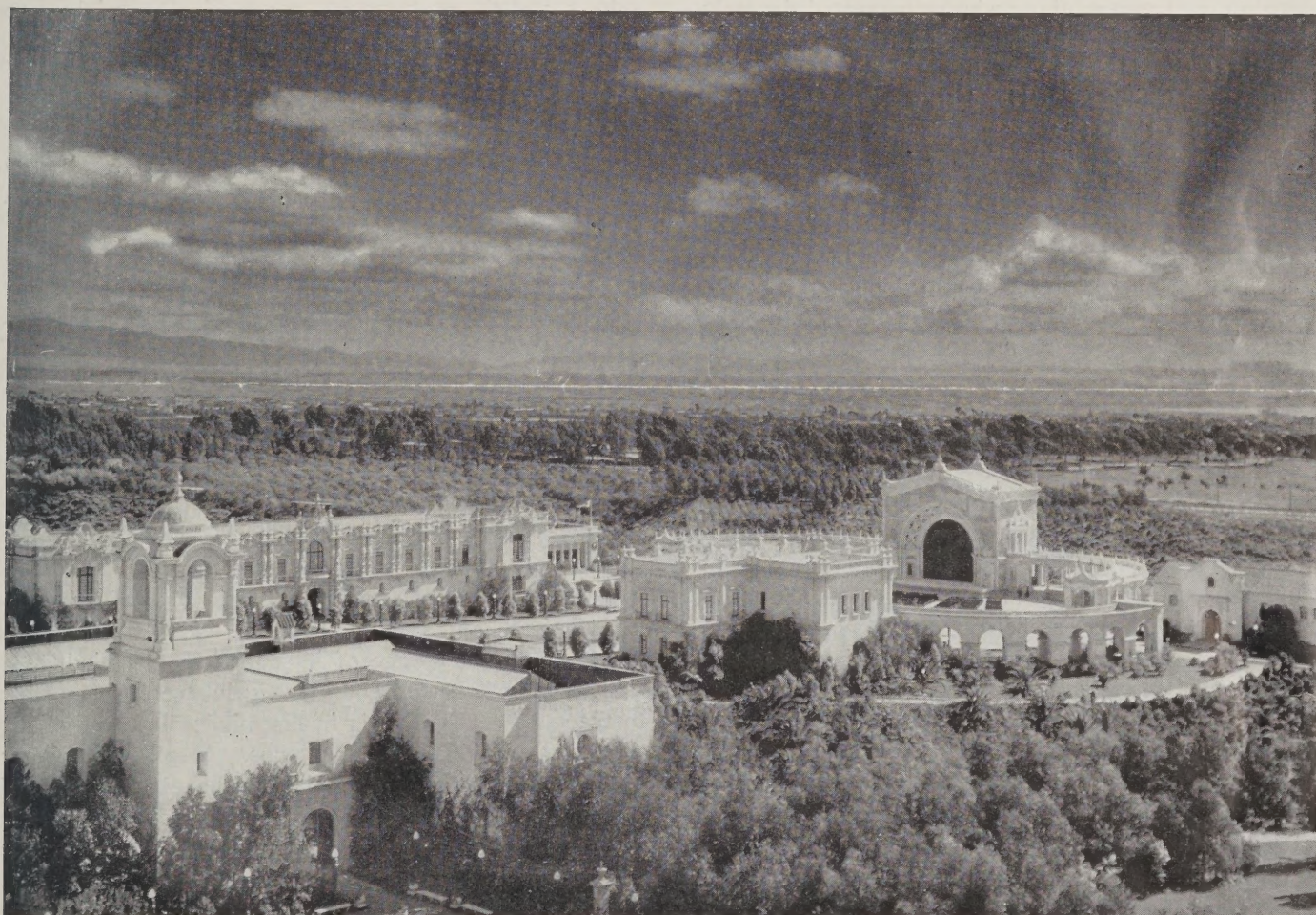
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VOL. IV

JUNE 1915

No. 6



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A FINE VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING, PANAMA-CALIFORNIA
EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The splendid open-air organ is seen on the right

How is Your Diary?

A SMALL boy was advised to keep a diary. After a week it was found to run thus:

Monday. Got up. Washed. Went to bed.

Tuesday. Got up. Washed. Went to bed.

And so on, for each day of the week.

In the case of most men, if there were a diary of their whole lives, it would perhaps read:

Was born. Lived along somehow. Died.

There would be no marked alterations of character to record, or of conduct. The only changes would be those wrought by nature through the passing of the years. To

an unpleasant bit of the program into a pleasant, the unpleasant will only show its nose tomorrow all the more because you dodged it today. And the effort to dodge it makes you more sensitive to it.

So I say let's try the game of equanimity, resignation, acceptance of what comes, first for *one minute*. Get the full inwardness of it for one minute. "Now, this one minute, this thing shan't worry me." Then an hour; and so on and so on till we get the habit, the power. And in a year we shan't know ourselves. The very effort will have become pleasant. It will be pleasant to defy a worry and say: "No, my son, nothin' doin'; you can't get in on me." The whole game is pleasant and the reward can't be reckoned. It's learning quickly the lessons that the worries, in a large view, were meant to teach.

Who's for the game? Hand in your names to the Goddess Minerva. Minerva, they used to call her, because she gave you the nerve for anything. REPORTER



Don't Think of It

"HELLO! Jim," I said, "what's the matter now?"
"Been thinking," he answered.

"Thinking! Thinking doesn't make a man look like that."

"Depends on what you think of," he said. "I've been looking back, that's all."

"Back to the time before you got in here, boyhood and young manhood?"

He nodded.

"Jim, what's the good of that?"

"No good; worse than no good. But I get a spell of it now and then. Comes all over me, memories and memories. Seems as if I'd go mad with longing to be back in those days, and then mad with longing to be out of here—hours of it awake and then more hours of it asleep. I wish I was dead."

"You're a bit fooled, I think, by the way time has of gilding things. Any part of our past looks pleasant if it's only far enough away."

"Prison days, for instance," he sneered.

"Well," I answered, "I met a man once who'd been out ten years, time enough for a little of that gilding. 'Do you know,' he said, 'that jail spell of mine wasn't so bad after all, as I look back at it. 'Twas peaceful. There was time to read and think. And there were a lot of decent fellows among the crowd. Perhaps there was a bit to put up with now and then, but I don't believe there was any more than there is out here.'"

"If you could really look back to your past and see it without the guilt, maybe you'd find you weren't any happier then than now. Just as we grown-ups do, boys have their black mornings and black days and disappointments and fears and anger and quarrels. They

can no more get all they want than we can. But in time all this sort of thing generally drops out of memory and leaves only the pleasant. 'Tisn't playing a square deal to contrast the pleasant things of the past with the unpleasant thing of the present."

"There ain't any *but* unpleasant ones."

"That's as you now look at it. Tomorrow or some other time you'll be thinking, 'Well, 'tisn't so dead bad in here after all.'"

"I used to have the same spells as you, the looking back business and all the rest of it. But I saw it wasn't doing any good, to say the least of it, and I kicked at last, invented a prescription that I've been taking now for a long time. It's not only a complete cure but it's a lot more beside. Feel like giving it a show for a month?"

"Pay it out."

"It's simple enough but it leads a long way; I can't just see how far, myself, yet."

"Thinking of a thing is what starts up desire for it. The more the thinking, the worse the longing, and the longing paralyses the mind and the man. It pulls him away from his own light, his possibilities of growing to be something. All the power that's in the longing belongs of right to him, not to it. Don't let any of those thoughts and memories of the past in on you for a moment. Practise turning the mind right on to something else, a book, study, a chat, a bit of work, learning a bit of anything by heart—don't matter what. Only cut out any thought that leads to a desire for anything you can't get or anywhere you can't be. It's a bit of a fight at first, for the longing wants to be allowed to long, the desire wants to roam around and chafe and irritate you. But keep the game going for a month; boss it. Live right in the present, in the thought that you're growing toward your real self that you don't know much about yet because it's always been tethered down by these things—in you and everybody else."

"This is what I call *calling in your forces*. When a fellow does this, calls in his power, takes it away from the desires to do or have something or go somewhere, and keeps up the game, he begins to get the first glimpse of what's going on in his inner nature all the time. He fills up with new life and a new kind of manhood, a new set of thoughts, a new peace and happiness. He stands up better and gets his eyes brighter. Outer things bother him less and less. He gets a new self-respect and begins to understand what he was meant for and what he can grow to. I tell you the game's worth trying. No fellow can imagine till he does try it what it opens up to. Give it the month and we'll swap notes at the end. There's two minds in every man and this is the way to get at the other where everything that's any real good in us lies hidden."

"And that's why I'm kind of thankful, sometimes, for having got myself shut in here." REPORTER

Awakening

THERE are two kinds of awakening, said an old Chinese thinker. The one, nature does for us; the other we must do for ourselves. And few are they that do it.

Along the line of each parent comes a stream of heredity for the make-up of the child. In one thing the child resembles its mother; in another its father. And in some ways it may take after aunts, uncles and grandparents.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"LAYING DOWN THE LAW"
From the painting by Landseer

But very soon we may notice it developing an individuality of its own, mental ways or tastes that do not "take after" anyone. They may be very slight, or so exceedingly marked as in a few years to drown out any sort of resemblance to anyone else in the past or present of the family. Thus for instance, a great genius may appear suddenly amid a group of utterly commonplace people.

Modern science talks much about heredity. It does not like to admit that we *bring our characters with us* and may gradually strike out our own line between the lines of heredity. For then it would have to ask where we came from, and it has no means of answering that. Moreover it is not every man that *can* succeed in making

good his own special character and powers against the great weight of his heredity. The average man hardly pushes it aside at all.

But when he does and comes out as himself, little by little as the years of childhood pass on to manhood—that is the *first* "awakening." We may say it almost comes of itself, or at the hands of nature.

The *second* "awakening," when it is achieved at all, is a much greater affair. It is only done by consciously applied will and work and thought. It comes when a

man recognizes what he is against the resistance of all those tendencies which hold him to the common level. Standing back from them all, he asks himself: "Who and what am I?" While pleasures attract him and pains depress him he always keeps up his question. No outer circumstances, however comfortless or restrictive, can hold him from his search into himself.

A man's second "awakening" is to know himself as he was before he came to birth at all, before he touched animal and physical life. It can be and is today achieved, here and there, by the few, though they can say little about it because words are only fit to express the deeds and thoughts and feelings of common life. Music and poetry can do something to express this new state of awakesness, but a man who is neither musician nor poet can get it, and then almost his only outward expression of it must be in his life and in that indescribable something that radiates from his mere presence. It is the birth of the Christos Spirit. But this Spirit is a man's

true self, that was and that shall be always, whose future has no limits. The birth is awakening. The man has seen himself as what he really is, the Spirit who comes to the life of flesh, that in the flesh forgets its own nature, that recovers with the years a little of its own nature, and that in this awakening recovers it altogether.

The way lies through the repeated question: "What am I?" through recognition of the body with its wishes, pleasures, pains, as a garment of "I"; and, through that recognition, in a gradual conquest of the tendencies that hold us all back.

The sense of freedom from these, of power to grow; the sense of *light* in heart and brain; surety of immortal life passing always on to new heights; and a great

friendship and compassion for all that lives — these are the marks by which a man may know he is awakening and for which he should strive.

STUDENT



The Man Behind the Mind

A TALK IN THE YARD

"**T**ALKING to yourself?" Yes, that's one way of putting it. It's a right way, too, inasmuch as it recognizes that there are two concerned in the business. But who are the two? If you're talking, who's listening? If you're listening, who's talking?

"Oh, if I could only stop my mind!" said a man to me once. "It thinks the most infernal thoughts, thinks, thinks, till I am nearly mad."

Poor fellow! He did go mad for a while, but he is all right now, got a bit and curb-rein on his mind.

But he wasn't talking to himself. He put the thing the right way round when he said his mind talked to him and he did the listening.

I was going to say it's a trick we all have. What I mean is that it's a trick of the mind we're all victims of. It's only in some people, and now and then, that the trick becomes actual agony as in the case I mentioned. In its ordinary forms it seems to us quite a proper activity. Thinking, we call it. *Being thought, being played on*, might be a better expression. Some men let the thoughts out aloud and listen to them with their physical ears.

The mind keeps up its scamper every minute of the waking day and then on into dream-time. It may choose to turn up pleasant thoughts, or it may in its wanderings scare up very painful ones, memories mostly. Often the brain gets hot at them, and sleep or reading becomes impossible. Even when a man really does take hold of his mind and force it to think of what he wants to think of, it makes incessant jerks on its own account to subjects that have nothing to do with the matter in hand.

Every man in here wants to get out. Some make themselves well-nigh sick with that. Can't do anything or think of anything else.

All that is pain and doesn't hasten our getting out by an hour. Why shouldn't we boss the mind and refuse that thought any entry, purely in the interests of our own peace? Just a fortnight's refusal to dwell on that thought or let it in, and the trick's done. So far as that business is concerned, we have peace. Why shouldn't we take the same way with a lot of other desires that can't be realized and memories that are painful and unpleasant? Deny them right of way for a while and they get tired of coming. We not only lose nothing but gain much.

We can help this great business of mind-bossing in another way. A plan that I have found very good is to take at night some fine book full of the best stuff and learn a little of it by heart. I repeat what I have learned before and then add some new, just a few lines. Sometimes there's things in *THE NEW WAY* that will do for

that. Once I learned some poetry of Longfellow's and some of Tennyson's. Gradually a fellow gets on to his mind's trick of wandering off the line, especially when he's repeating stuff to himself.

Then comes a question: When a man's got his mind well in order, who is *he* that does the bossing?

I can't altogether answer that. But I'm beginning to find out that the man behind the mind is much more'n he seems. He's a part of the very spirit of things, a light, full of joy and hope and peace — an immortal spirit, they say, and I think they're right.

Now boys, you're on to the game as much as I am. Let's stop being led by the nose by our own minds. 'Till we've done that we can't look in and ask, each of us, who *I* am. Let's try this business and see what we get. Six months ought to show something. Any volunteers?

REPORTER



The Two Lives

"**I** WAS carried right out of myself by the music; forgot my troubles, forgot everything but what I was listening to."

"Altogether?"

"Well, not altogether; there was a kind of gnaw in the back of my mind so that I knew that when I got back to myself again there were the old things to face."

"As if you had two minds, one in the music and one in the world below, here where the troubles are?"

"Yes, that's about it."

"That must be like being born."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean the coming back into the troubles and so on, into the world of the body. I used to wonder what they meant when they told me I was a soul. There didn't seem to be any marks of soul about me that ever I could notice."

"As a man wakes up in the morning he begins to get a feel of his body, whether it is warm or cold, comfortable or uncomfortable. Then he comes to himself and finds all the ordinary thoughts and memories waiting for him. There is perhaps his rheumatism, his work and all the rest of it as usual. Where did he come *from*?"

"Didn't come from anywhere, just woke."

"It seems to me that it was his body and brain that woke and called him (from wherever he was) to come and mix himself up with them as usual. Where he was, was where you had just got one foot inside of when you were listening to the music. You had only just got one foot, because, the body being awake, you were tied to it by the other foot. If you had been asleep the other foot would have been free too."

"But if that is so, why, when a man wakes, don't he remember where he was when his body and brain were asleep? I remembered the music when I got back again among my troubles."

"What do you reckon the brain is for?"

"To think with and remember with, I suppose."

"Imagine a man thinking very fast, and thinking very fine thoughts, and that as he thought along, his hand made quick notes on a writing pad, so that he should not forget the steps of his thought. But suppose the paper was greasy so that without knowing it he was not really making any marks at all.

"Same way with sleep. The writing tablet, the brain, is hardly taking any marks. Many men come to their bodies in the morning — that is, wake — with the sense of having been living some sort of great life; but there's no record, and so that vague sense is all they have. Most of us do not have even as much as that; we get drowned in the whirl and world of body at once.

"And so, as I take it, with being born. The mind has to let go its spiritual life and give all its attention to the new body-life just beginning for it."

"Are there no means of waking up to the other life without letting go of this one — I mean, know of it just as I now know of this one?"

"There surely are. If a man will think all this out, and then try, and keep trying, he will soon begin to find his way, find what he really is. The soul is always in the higher world. As soon as the mind refuses to let itself be bossed and run all day long by the body, it wakes up to knowledge of the soul, the constant presence of the soul, and yet remains awake to this other life of ordinary duties. Only, after that awakening, everything in this ordinary life looks different, not *ordinary* any more. For he knows the meaning and reason of it. And then he is happy once and for all." STUDENT



Today

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

SURE, this world is full of trouble —
I ain't said it ain't.

Lord! I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.

Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;

Thorns and brambles have beset me
On the road — but, say,
Ain't it fine today!

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?

What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?

Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine,
Life it ain't no celebration.

Trouble? I've had mine —
But today is fine.

It's today that I am livin',
Not a month ago,

Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.

Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;

It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain — but, say,
Aint it fine today! — *Selected*

Forget It

FORGET it, my dear boy, forget it,
That's the very best thing you can do;
It will do no good to remember

All the mean things that's said about you.
This life is too short to "get even"

For every mean act that you know;
So forget it, my boy, forget it,
Forget it and just let it go.

Forget it, my dear boy, forget it,
For you see every knock is a lie.
Be decent and never repeat,

Just forget it and let it pass by.
You may think that the story is funny,
But to tell it you've nothing to gain,

So if it's a knock, just forget it,
And never repeat it again.

Forget it, my dear boy, forget it,
For knocking's a mighty poor game.
It never made one fellow happy,

But causes much sorrow and pain.
When you chance to hear some fellow
knocking,

If he's knocking a friend or a foe,
I want to impress this upon you,
Forget it and just let it go.

Some say that a knock is a boost, boy,
Forget it, for it is not so.

A boost is a boost and a knock is a knock,
It's the same wherever you go:

So when you hear somebody knocking,
Let them know their knock is in vain,
And as soon as you hear it, forget it,
And never repeat it again.

Many good men have been ruined,
And many good, pure women, too,
By some knocker starting a rumor
And not a word of it true.
So if you hear some fellow knocking
A man or a woman's good name,
You can bet it's a lie, so forget it.
And never repeat it again. — *Selected*



THEY brought a wounded British soldier back from the front, and somebody asked him to describe the battle.

"Well," said the Tommy, "it's like this: First you 'ears a 'ell of a noise and then the nurse says: 'Try and drink a little of this 'ere.'"

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten subscriptions for \$5.00.

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

The New Way Guide-Book

THE moment of awakening gives us the greatest chance of the day, the chiefest moment of choice. What to do with it? You must pack it with some kind of thought. There is thought that concerns your personal self, fears, memories, longings; you can put that sort of thing into your moment, let it fill up with that. Or you can seize upon your awakening consciousness and think beauty, peace, good will towards men into it. The moments call their own to succeed them, and with these, good or bad, the day is filled and colored. We may turn the tide of our lives at any time; we need not have the bother we do with the forces of darkness and evil and pain; we are of a superior order of being, above them. We can find divinity within ourselves and the means of making our lives divine and full of peace and joy and growing knowledge.—*The Path*

ONE of the chief causes of unhappiness in a group of men (or women) who have to live together, is their constant criticism of one another. They are compelled to see each other's failings, smallnesses, external peculiarities and unpleasantnesses.

But why let these things stand in the mind and come to utterance in speech? A man who cannot understand that he is *giving himself* nothing but pain and discomfort by this, should try for one day, and then for one week, and then right on, to keep his heart in a state of good-feeling and well-wishing for others, and to let this shine out of his eyes in every direction and upon whomever he looks at. By the end of a week the mind will be able to see *some* good, *something* pleasant in the most unpleasant of personalities. It will have unloaded most of its troubles and fears, and dissipated most of its shadows. It will therefore have begun to be happy. It will have begun to understand the *next* step to be taken towards true growth and the unfolding of latent possibilities. In a little time one or two others, and then again one or two, will be infected to try the same thing. Good mental health, got in this way, is very infectious, and the faster the infection spreads the better the health of the original source.

Without saying a word about it to anybody just get to work and be yourself that source.

—*The Book of Beginnings*

OTHERS are affected by what I am and say and do. And these others have also their sphere of influence. So that a single act of mine may spread in widening circles through a nation of humanity.—*W. E. Channing*

I HAVE always found the less we speak of our intentions the more chance there is of our realizing them.

—*John Ruskin*

CAST forth thy act, thy word, into the everlasting, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot die.—*Thomas Carlyle*

Heard This?

Corporal, after engagement: Jones, come here.

Private Jones: I can't sir; I've got a prisoner.

Corporal: Well, bring him along.

Jones: He won't come, sir.

Corporal: Well, come without him.

Jones: But he won't let me.

A Scottish minister, taking his walk early in the morning, found one of his parishioners recumbent in a ditch.

"Where hae you been the night, Andrew?" asked the minister.

"Weel, I dinna richtly ken," answered the prostrate one, "whether it was a wedding or a funeral, but whichever it was it was a most extraordinary success."

A missionary was returning from Patagonia with some old skulls and other bones which he had collected as curiosities. Being required to pay duty on them as "animal bones" he protested. The central authority wired back to the customs officer: *Pass free as imported worn clothing.*

Young college man, entering sitting-room: Mother, I've brought home my friend Mr. Hugglebumm to supper with me; let me introduce him.

Mother (slightly deaf): What name did you say, my son?

College man: Hugglebumm, mother.

Mother, hand to ear: I'm afraid I did not catch it, my son; your friend must excuse me.

College man, shouting: *Hugglebumm!*

Mother: It's no use; it sounds just like Hugglebumm.

Auntie: Well, Ethel, and were you very brave at the dentist's?

Ethel: Yes, indeed, Auntie.

Auntie: And what did the dentist do to you?

Ethel: He pulled out two of Willie's teeth.

Uncle, grinning: Reminds me of the man who complained of having rheumatism in his brother.

The young author was reading his play. One of the company went to sleep. The young author demanded that he should be waked, saying that he wanted the opinion of all. The sleeper, having had this explained to him, said: Sleep is an opinion.

Crossing the Atlantic on his way back from Europe Mark Twain made the acquaintance of one of the passengers, Lamond, the famous pianist, and the two became very friendly. Lamond asked for a note of introduction to some of Mark Twain's friends in the Eastern states, where he proposed to tour. Mark agreed at once and wrote this:

Mr. Lamond can play the piano better than any member of our family, but his complexion is not as good as mine.

2.05
NE
Stamps

For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

*Every man is greater than he believes himself to be, for
he is a Soul.—Katherine Tingley*

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AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

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PEACE-BEARERS OF THE FUTURE

Some children of all nations at the Râja-Yoga Schools, Point Loma, growing up under the teachings
of Universal Brotherhood

"You Don't Have to Eat It"

BEARING in mind that there's no such bore on earth
as the man who tells you his dreams, I'm going
to break the rule and tell one of mine. There's
sometimes a bit of guidance in dreams, perhaps coming
from a man's own higher understanding or soul, which

doesn't sleep — if he only knows how to peel off the rumbustious and get to the kernel.

In my dream I came in suddenly to the meal-table. At the moment there seemed to be nothing on it. But the next moment there was a lot of food, stale food, half-rotten food, yesterday's food, dreary-looking food.

As it seemed to be all there was, the other fellows let themselves go at it, let it in on them, so to speak, just as it was. But a kind of voice or feeling seemed to say to me: "*You don't have to eat it.*" So I held back quietly, looking at it. And whilst I was looking, what was in front of me altered and presently became just what I wanted, just the sort of stuff that I knew would do me good. And, still all quietly, I took what I wanted of that and was very content over it and felt much better for it. What's all that mean? thought I when I woke. And I reckon I got to the kernel of it.

You know the bell goes at six o'clock, mornings. Every fellow springs out of bed, licks into his clothes, rushes up his cell-fixings and gets to breakfast. After breakfast is the day's work.

Now what does "the day" mean? It means, first, a lot of things that happen, not exciting as a rule, maybe deadlly dull and monotonous. But it also means the state of mind a man's in. As he gets out of bed his state of mind's there waiting for him and he steps into it the same as he steps into his pants. Don't have any more to say about what sort of state of mind than about what sort of pants. Takes it as it comes and don't think of doing anything else. And you know what is the sort of state of mind that most of us are in, mornings, afternoons and evenings. 'Taint exactly radiant, is it? We just put up with it the best way we can.

"*You don't have to eat it*": that got on my mind. What does it mean? I thought.

Presently I reckoned it meant this: that you don't have to take the day—the state-of-mind side of the day—as it comes, as it's offered to you. If you take it you just must put up with what's in it—which we've mostly all agreed is dead unsatisfactory.

If we want to get something better we must hold back. "But there ain't any time to hold back," say you.

Then we must make it.

The first thing to do is to waken with your *will* alive. You can't do that if you let yourself be awakened by the bell. You must set your will hard the night before to wake five minutes before the bell. Most fellows can do that right way. Some need to practise till they get there.

Very well: you've waked with your will on deck. The day, the day's state of mind, offers itself to you as usual. "No!" you say. "I don't have to take you and I won't. I'll suit myself."

You've got five minutes to the good to do your work in. Say you think now: "*Peace*: this day's going to be full of peace." You fill yourself up with that word and look forward along the hours with that in your mind, drenched with it. Or you take *light* in the same way. Or you call up something fine you read the night before and maybe learned by heart, and hang on to it. Or you think of your soul, the higher understanding, and try to get as near to your highest line of thought and feeling as you can. So you don't take the program offered, but instead you make your own.

You get a result that very first day. But every day betters the first result. And at last you've got yourself altogether in hand, got permanent peace and light, and a will that can't be shaken. You're on *The New Way* as I understand it. Where it leads to I can't say, but it's mighty fine traveling, I tell you.

Boys, it's a pity to see so many *victims* about, victims of whatever poor stuff the day offers, when, if they knew it, they could boss everything and select just what "food" they chose. Four walls put a limit on a man's flesh and bone legs, certainly. But certainly they don't put the very slightest limit on his mental and spiritual progress. What's a few years *leg-limit*, anyhow? We're all part of the immortal program, and I don't reckon it's going to be brought to a standstill by four man-made walls! Aye?

REPORTER



Mind-Training

YOU take your novels lying down. You take your studies standing up.

This means that in reading novels and stories you lay your mind out passively for the writer to do what he likes with, to stamp with what scenery he likes, what pictures of persons and characters and events, what states of emotion. You are likewise passive in reading the newspaper—you just take what's there.

But in study you *take* what's there, actively seize it, digest it, stamp it upon your own mind.

You take a novel or a newspaper when you are tired and want rest. You don't study then.

That does not mean that a man who wants to train and activize his mind must read no novels. It is good to hand the mind over to a great writer and have it filled with fine English, with fine and subtle drawings of characters, with fine states of feeling. Indeed, this is one of the branches of mind-training. There are three branches, and a man who wants the fullest development of his mind should consider the other two.

The mind should get into strong activity for a while every day in the study of something, in active acquirement. Even if you are reading the war-news in the paper you can get a map and see where's what. Then look away from the map and try to see it in your mind, try to repeat it there just as clearly—towns, rivers, and boundaries—as it was on the map.

That is studying geography. Any other study must be done in the same way. You read a while in the book, and then look up and see if you could explain what you have read (in good clear language) to some other fellow. Reading in this way does a lot of good, makes a man more vigorous in every way, develops and nourishes his brain. The method applies to languages, shorthand, a science, history—even to essays, Emerson's or any other thinker's. Make it clear to yourself whether you agree with what he says, and if not why not. Write a few of the best ideas down in your own words.

An extension of this method consists in learning by heart. Take, say, some fine poem, or a fine passage from any writer. Read carefully one sentence. Then look up and see if you can repeat it. Go ahead till you can.

All this gives concentration, the power not only to make the mind very active at will, but very active exactly where you want it to be, not wavering, not jerking off on to sidetracks of its own choosing.

The third branch of mind-training develops out of this second. It consists in trying to feel *yourself* as the mind's master with the power to do with it what you choose, have it stay on whatever you choose, be in whatever good mood you choose.

When you are well practised in doing this, the mind can give you a great reward for your long pains with it, your long training of it. You will suddenly learn to perform a new trick with it. It will consider a topic it has never yet been able to deal with: namely, *you*. And then you will be able to understand in its thought, from its thought, *what you are*. You don't know yet. No man knows till he has trained his mind, and till the two of them—he and his mind—know their right relation as soul and servant, divine craftsman and living tool.

STUDENT



My Prison Diet

BY AN M. D.

I ONCE had a term to do for a fault that does not concern this paper. For I am going to speak of food and how with bad food I got better health during my two years' detention than I had ever had before when my food was of the very best.

The diet of the prison was certainly bad, bad in quality and bad in cooking and preparation. Particulars do not matter. I was rather shocked at first, because as I said, I had been used to the best.

But then I began to reflect. My good food had certainly never given me good health. And when I looked around me I saw that in spite of bad food there were many fellow-prisoners in first class health. Evidently the prison diet *could* produce good health, at any rate was compatible with it.

The prison diet gave me indigestion. But I had had indigestion before, though not of that particular kind. I had always had to take soda for acidity, and general digestives of many sorts.

The body has plenty of lines of defense against poisons and ferments. Saliva, for instance, is alkaline, anti-acid, and if enough of it, by careful mastication, is mixed with the food, it will neutralize the acid of sour rice or bread. We had rice very often, and both it and the bread were frequently somewhat soured. The bread, too, was apt to be doughy; but I found that thorough mastication, even of that, mastication to a paste, prevented it from being a weight in the stomach. I had always scamped the mastication before.

Saliva, gastric juice, bile, and all the other digestive

secretions, are by nature able to destroy germs of fermentation and even putrefaction. Moreover each one of them stimulates the secretion of the others. Thus plenty of saliva stimulates the flow of gastric juice, and this in its turn stimulates bile and the other secretions lower down. So thorough mastication improves the whole course of digestion. (N. B. People with few teeth or none do not usually recognize that mastication of most things, and thorough mixing with saliva, can be done as well by them as by anyone else. They only need more time and more use of the knife.)

Sugar and all sweet things, when supplied, I avoided at first; as also butter, which came on occasion. I immediately found the benefit of this bit of self-denial; sugar I have never eaten since; butter rarely. My old enemy, acidity, was now gone. My rheumatism got better, and a good lot of water an hour before each meal and at bedtime (some of which the prison doctor gave me an order on the kitchen to have *hot*) removed it altogether.

Beside using the water I encouraged the removal of waste matters in the muscles and intestines by a few minutes' deep firm rubbing with the bare hands night and morning, (especially, when lying down, over the liver and abdomen). Muscular exercises and twistings of the body everyway, some done lying down, were also very useful, and in a few weeks I had firmer muscles than I had ever had before.

And lastly I remembered that while he eats his food a man is also eating his state of mind, and this has a powerful influence on digestion, on health, and on body-building. The body changes itself all through in the course of a few years. We eat eleven hundred times a year, and if everyone of those eleven hundred meals is eaten cheerfully, in a friendly spirit all round, and with a confident will that this lot of food shall go to make a good healthy body—why, what can hinder? I used to imagine, while eating, that our ugly old dining-room was full of light, gold-colored, and that every other fellow was getting filled up with it—as I certainly was. "Mere imagination," you may say. All right, but it *worked*!

I soon came to need less food. I found that all my life I had eaten too much food and that about fifty percent of my strength had been spent in digesting and getting rid of what had never needed to be on hand at all. That's a fault that most of us have, many without knowing it.

All that is years ago. But I got good health, good digestion, good spirits. I've never lost them, and I know that if I had never been *in prison on a bad diet* I should never have gained them! I should probably have been dead by now. There is always compensation somewhere in the worst of conditions if one looks for it. And I keep my diet now nearly as simple as it was in the prison. It is a *little* freer and is certainly better cooked; but I thought that what gave me better health then would keep me in good health after. It's not so much (not

nearly so much) *what* people eat as how they eat it that tells for or against their health. There are people on every possible sort of diet, and on each possible sort there are some in good health and some in bad and some all the way between.



Paying Attention

WE are all of us rather out of practice in the matter of paying attention to what goes on around us. It might be worth while to recover the art.

The poets speak of "the silent night." But any man who listens in the very silentest of nights soon notices that there are a thousand sounds stirring in the air. Some, you recognize: the wind in the trees and over the wheat; insects calling; the faint chirp of sleepy birds; the movement of some little animal over the dry twigs. Some, you don't quite know. There is in fact a vague mass of low faint sound, and close listening distinguishes many elements at last in it, so that the more you listen the more you hear. Nothing is really soundless. If we had fine enough hearing we could hear the growth of the trees and the motion of sap in the spring. The atoms of that still-looking stone are really in swiftest motion and throwing out eternally the very subtlest harmony into the air. We are very deaf, but if we listened we should hear more and more, perhaps at last the entire music of nature.

It is the same with color. The leaf is "just green." Look closer. It has *many shades* of green; it is shot through with veins; some of it is more transparent than others; the extreme tip is brownish. If we had finer sight we could see that the veins are slowly pulsing. If we had still finer we could see that it is throwing off a halo of higher light-rays and of electricity. Its atoms pulse with color just as they do with sound.

It is the same with ourselves. We watch the main thoughts passing across our minds. We do not notice a host of infinitely minute and rapid thoughts in between the main ones. Some of these are the stuff of dreams; for we are all dreaming all the time back behind our thinking. When in sleep the main thoughts are silent the little faint pictures become noticeable, following each other anyhow, suggested by the slightest sensation, and constituting our incoherent dreams. But this is going on just as constantly in the day. Behind the scenery of waking thought is ever the fainter background of the scenery of dream.

Deeper, further back in us, than either, is the life of the never-sleeping, never-dying soul, rays from it flashing perpetually into our currents both of thought and dream. For the soul is speaking to us all the time, is never silent, never stops its inflow to us of advice, of knowledge, of inspiration, its messages from its own rich world of life and light. We never hear all this — most of us — though the musicians and artists and poets and a few of the highest thinkers do get something consciously through. That note of warning which we call

conscience is all that we manage to hear of the never-ceasing stream. But by the practice of "listening," silencing the mind at times and paying the same attention as we might to the almost soundless sounds of the night, we could at last get it all and be forever then in close touch with the soul, full sharers of its life.

So it is worth while to be always paying attention. Anything is beautiful when attention enough is paid to it, when we look *into* instead of *at* it. STUDENT



Joy and Pleasure

JOY and pleasure are not the same. Pleasure has a sense of *I* in it; there is something good which has come or is coming to *me*. Joy is a deeper and nobler state, towards which we should aim. When it exists in a man, when it comes upon him, when he wins it, he finds it does not depend upon anything he is going to do for his pleasure, or acquire in the way of pleasure or profit, or upon his going anywhere, or upon any outward experience. It is consistent with suffering, even the greatest suffering. It is a state that arises when the inner will is secretly active for the good of the world and therefore for the man's own inner good. Its place is the heart. The inner will always orders what is good for a man, and when aroused it has unlimited power to arrange for the man's good the outer circumstances of his life. But he, in his outer mentality, often thwarts it by trying to rearrange things for his pleasure.

When joy, which is peace passing from a *state* to an active *power*, comes upon us, let us study it so as to learn how to produce it at will. Some have learned this and never lose it. They do not confuse it with pleasure and never look to any outward thing or event to help them get it.

Happiness has an opposite — unhappiness. Joy has no opposite; by way of opposite there is only its absence. It is never absent in the soul, and when we experience it it is because we have enabled the soul to be nearer to us, to enter more into our hearts, than usual.

Joy, when well present in a man, has great power to awaken joy in others, joy and that peace which is benediction. For this reason also it should be cultivated.

Joy cannot be found in those who talk much and unnecessarily. Its home is silence and it always comes into the mind of him who has stilled the chatter of his mind and can remain a while in true silence of all his being. Wherefore mind-silence must be practised at some time daily along with an attempt to feel that Presence of joy which is the soul. Especially amid great suffering may the soul be thus looked for, for in its compassion it draws very near to him who suffers. This is one of the compensations of suffering, and the compensation is completed by the strength which suffering confers. It is through suffering, not through pleasure, that we grow. Let him who suffers look for the joy, and he shall at last come out of it reborn and a potent friend to all that lives, a joy-giver everywhere. STUDENT



THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE GREAT SEAL

The Great Seal of the United States

ONE side of the Seal shows a bald eagle, in golden brown with silvery head, bearing on his breast the escutcheon of America, thirteen alternate stripes of red and white, with a broad blue band above. In his left talon the eagle bears a bundle of thirteen silver arrows, and in his right, a green olive branch, the sign of peace. A golden ribbon streams from his beak with the motto in silver, *E Pluribus Unum*—meaning “Out of Many, One.” Over the eagle’s head is a golden light breaking through a white cloud, and in the center of the

glory there are thirteen silver stars on a clear blue field.

On the reverse side of the Seal is an unfinished pyramid, representing strength and duration. It is composed of thirteen subdivided layers, typifying again the union of thirteen into One. On the base of the pyramid is the date 1776. Above it, in a golden light in a triangle, is an eye. The motto above this—*Annuat Coeptis*—means “He favored the Undertaking.” Below the pyramid is the inscription, *Novus Ordo Seclorum*—“A New Order of Ages.” This side of the Seal has not yet been used.

This One Thing

HAVE you ever walked in the night in pain, toothache maybe, and found your pain was worse because everyone else was asleep and regardless of what you were suffering? A kind of heartlessness it seems.

That beggar woman by the curb has just lost her child. The people stream by, regardless, unknowing, and the ache of her heart is the worse. One man passed who seemed to look at her kindly and understandingly, almost as if he knew *what* was the trouble. The momentary compassionate glance, unaccompanied as it was by any word, seemed to her to have some heartening power in it, a touch that comforted.

The troubled sea of human feeling is lightened by very little of that. Each must endure his pain alone, or nearly alone, and it is worse for the loneliness. It is in utter loneliness that the poor suicide goes out. A little more brotherhood thrown by the rest of us into the air, a little more of the spirit of joy-sharing, of sympathy, a little more heart-warmth diffused—and his despair would not be so black, his loneliness not so deadly, and he would take heart again.

If we did not shut ourselves in feeling so selfishly into our pleasures as *ours*, others would not be so shut in alone with their pains. In all that we have the right and opportunity to enjoy we should enjoy in the spirit of sharing. We should call in the rest, those whose lives have no such good chance, though no one be outwardly there for the call. In this spirit the whole of life should be lived. And then, though we should miss nothing, but rather greatly gain, the whole atmosphere of human life would change, would warm, would color with gold. Hard natures would be softened by the pervading influence about them, evil natures be bettered, the children grow up with a new sweetness, and in mind and soul all men would be changed, illuminated, reborn. The eyes of the mind would open upon great truths long forgotten or till now hidden. It would be the Golden Age again and the very animals and plants would change their nature. Blind indeed are all peoples that they will not see the way to their own joy, to their own richest life. Blinded indeed is each single man that will not enter it. “I cannot conquer my failings, passions, habits”—well, this is the way to let free in the heart the Power that can;

this is the way to transform them into obedient energies in your life. Cease from unbrotherhood in thought, in feeling, and then in word and deed, and all the rest follows.

STUDENT

"Punishment"

A PRISONER'S VIEW

SOCIETY will alter its procedure with those who have broken its laws as soon as it has cleared up in its rather foggy mind the meanings it consciously and subconsciously attaches to the word *punishment*.

"Punishment" means —

(1) *Alterative* treatment. Something is to be added to, or altered in, the law-breaker's nature so that he will not commit his offense again. The something added must be either desire of right conduct and self-respect, or — fear of consequences if he offends again.

(2) *Detention* of the criminal for the protection of society till this alteration has taken place.

(3) *Deterrence* of others.

(4) *Revenge*. "I'll teach him!"

How many of these four belong to proper "punishment"?

No. 1 does so far as the *aim* is to awaken self-respect and effect a true betterment: *not* when the *aim* is to awaken fear. *That* leads inevitably to brutality of treatment and therefore to a worsening of the man's nature. It is therefore an affront to the spirit of humanity, a balking in that particular case of its work of evolution. Moreover the conduct of a man of worsened nature must necessarily be on the whole worse even if he avoids for the future some particular offense. But he will not; he will only do it more carefully or in other forms.

No. 2 is of course perfectly proper.

No. 3. If the treatment and régime proper to a man's fault acts as a deterrent to others, well and good. But it is clear that if you *add* anything to this you are unjust. If as a schoolmaster I decide that the just and sufficient treatment for Jimmy's laziness on Saturday morning is to keep him from his holiday on Saturday afternoon — and then in addition, in order to deter John and James from laziness deprive Jim of *next* Saturday's half-holiday too, I am obviously unjust. I am punishing *him* for an offense of *other* boys not yet committed.

No. 4 is wholly wrong. We desire to protect society; we desire to better the man who has injured society. These are proper. In his inner mind no law-breaker will quarrel with them. But society's desire to inflict pain on him in pure retaliation for its having been injured — is wholly evil and barbaric, wholly injurious to its victim and itself. To the victim, because he will feel, resent, and be worsened by the spirit behind the treatment given to him. To itself, partly because the injured and worsened victim is a part of itself and will in most cases return to it to its certain detriment; partly because all barbarous impulses worsen the nature of him who has them and gives them play.

The Way of the Spirit

HOW, O Master, should one think of the all-present Spirit?

Look wide upon nature. The fish spawns over the river-bottom and departs, thinking naught of the offspring to come. But the hen broods over the eggs, and protects the fledglings till they need her care no more.

And higher up, the woman likewise watches and tends and guards her children. But in every man and woman is some love of offspring not their own, spreading, in higher men and women, further and further beyond their own. And the highest have all humanity in their hearts.

This is the slow-ripening fruit of the presence of the all-present Spirit. Wherefore thou mayest think of this Spirit as all-embracing compassionate love and the germ of this love in every living thing, the germ that ripens to fruit in man. Afterwards thou shalt think of It as wisdom and power. And in acquiring the compassion thou shalt find the way to the other two. — *From the Indian*

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me" — in those who harbor such thoughts hatred will never cease.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me" — in those who do not harbor such thoughts hatred will cease.

For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time: hatred ceases only by love; this is an old rule.

— *An Indian Teacher*

"Where 'ave I bin lately?" said Bill Basher to his friend. "Why, I couldn't get out o' acceptin' an invitation to spend a couple o' weeks at one o' King George's 'otels. I was a-standin' outside a grocer's admirin' the jam, when a box fell dahn at me feet. I was a-pickin' of it up to take into the grocer, when a circus came by. In the excitement o' the moment I follored it. Bimeby I looks dahn an' sees the box under me arm. 'Willyum,' sez I, 'wot are you a-doin' wi' that box? Take it back at once like an 'onest man.' Jest then the grocer came round the corner wi' a copper. 'That's 'im,' 'e sez. 'That's the man wot stole me soap,' 'Stop,' sez I. 'Do I look like a man wot'd steal soap?' 'Owsomever, I was 'ad up afore the beak. 'Willyum Walker,' sez 'e, 'your appearance is greatly in your favor, but the circumstantial evidence is too strong. Fourteen days.'"

The Story of Mr. Wilkins

(From *The Technical World*)

MR. Wilkins had a dollar, so he said he guessed he'd pay
A little sum he'd borrowed from a gentleman named Gray;
Then Gray he took that dollar, and he said: "It seems to me
I'd better pay that little debt I owe to McAfee;
Then McAfee the dollar paid upon a bill to Smart;
By Smart 'twas paid to Thomson, and by Thomson paid to Hart.
And so that coin kept rolling as a very busy "plunk,"
Until it paid indebtedness amounting in the chunk
To more than forty dollars, and it may be rolling yet.
And all because this Wilkins thought he'd better pay a debt.

For when a dollar's started
On its debt-destroying way,
There hardly is a limit
To the sum that it will pay.

Mr. Wilkins knew a kindness that he might have done to Gray,
But he wasn't feeling kindly, so he thought he wouldn't "pay."
Then Gray, not being grateful, said "It really seems to me
I've done sufficient favors for that blasted McAfee";
Then McAfee felt ugly, and he took a whack at Smart.
Smart passed it on to Thomson, who passed it on to Hart.
And so no act of kindness was done through all that day;
But many an act that rankled in a most unpleasant way;
And many a soul was longing for the help to fit its need,
And all because this Wilkins didn't do a kindly deed.

For a dollar or a kindness
Rule is still the same, I say;
If you wish to see it rolling,
Better start it on its way.



You Never Can Tell

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

YOU never can tell, when you send a word
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind—
Just where it may chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell, when you do an act,
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
To shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do,
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.



No seed but ripens into grain,
No deed but harvests joy or pain,
No word but cometh home again
Soon or in many days.

Leader of the Theosophical Movement Visits San Quentin Prison

AS already noted in our last issue, Mme. Katherine Tingley recently visited San Quentin Prison and after a friendly and encouraging talk to the women delivered a short address to an audience of over two thousand of the male inmates of that institution. Her appearance on the platform was the signal for an enthusiastic demonstration of welcome and the address was listened to with the closest attention. She had, she said, no censure for the mistakes and weaknesses of humanity. She believed that all men were divine and that in the working of the Higher Law, always leading us on, they would sometime find their divinity.

"You and all men," she said, "have possibilities you do not suspect, and their realization is very near at hand if you will but trust yourselves and take a new attitude in your lives. It is in a sense the Higher Law which has brought you here that you might face yourselves and learn the lesson, that you might look back to those small beginnings in wrong which were the first easy steps downward and remember that with every step there was the pleading of that inner witness, conscience, the soul, which is always ready to guide us. All wrong action some time returns to us as pain, and it is pain that makes us at last turn and face ourselves and find ourselves. Regard what the Higher Law teaches you not as punishment but as a lesson and an opportunity, for its essence is compassion. Try to work with it. In making a record for yourselves of right action here you can find the key that will open up your own natures, your highest possibilities, and give you new hope and a new peace of mind. This is a special time in human life, a time of special strain and readjustment. Old conditions are giving way to new, and despite appearances a better day for all is close at hand. And it is just because of this that in manfully facing all your difficulties you can all of you advance more than you now dream. Take courage and let each day open a new chapter of noble resolve and effort. I am your friend."



IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five Subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten Subscriptions for \$5.00.

Money orders and checks should be made payable to THE NEW WAY, and all subscriptions should be addressed to:

THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

New Way Notebook

If any man would see the living God face to face, he must seek Him, not in the empty firmament of his own brain, but in the love of men. . . . The smallest among you bears the infinite in his soul. The infinite is in every man who is simple enough to be a man . . . in every man and every woman who lives in obscure self-sacrifice which will never be known to another soul: it is the very river of life, flowing from one to another, from one to another, and back again and round.

—*Romain Rolland*

HONEST effort toward some good end, though failing, remains banked at interest against next wanted. Therefore never bother about a failure, or any number of them. Your forces are growing, available at call, and gradually becoming irresistible. Self-trust means just this.

For there shall be a new heaven and a new earth,
And men shall not remember the former ones,
Nor shall they so much as come to mind.
But joy and gladness shall they find herein.

NOTHING starts such a deadly leak in the power of accomplishment as to talk about what you propose to accomplish. Will only comes to its full strength in *silence*.

PRETENDING to the possession of some fine quality in order to impress others is the easiest way to kill any of that quality we may happen to have.

"Oh, if I had my time to go over again!"

Unwisely said. Study what the *present* has for you. At every age, no matter how advanced, something can be done in development better than it could at any other. Every decade has a special step of advancement only possible at that age, a special promise of new light.

TRY to gain a thorough "feel" of the inner good in each comrade you have. That will develop the same in you and help it in him. Thus each of us can have the special character-riches of every other. This is the great secret of quick growth.

If a man looks after the faults of others, and is always ready to take offense, his own faults will grow and he is far from their destruction. He in whom this tendency is destroyed and taken out by the very root, finds peace by day and night.—*Dhammapada* (Indian)

I LOOKED upon the great white flower in its vase, ripening its seed within it. Its silence seemed to me like the silence that a man must attain and keep if he would ripen and perfect the soul that is hidden within him, a silence that exhales fragrance.—*Eastern*

FIGHT when you are down; die hard—determine at least to do—and you won't die at all.—*James H. West*

Heard This?

Old Andy: "Nancy, gin I die ye maun marry anither man, wha'll keep ye in comfort in yer auld age. Ye maunna live in the workhouse."

Nancy: "Nay, nay, my Andy; what wad I dae wi' twa husbands in heaven?"

Andy (after pondering): "I hae it! Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He's a kind man, an' he likes ye, Nancy. Gin ye marry him it'll be a' the same in heaven. For John, ye ken, is no a member o' the Kirk."

The little party was enjoying the cool evening on the porch and the chat turned upon education. "A man's education is never complete," said the host. "He must keep abreast of the times. I propose to begin the study of astronomy at once and keep it up those long winter nights."

"Jerome," said his wife calmly from her corner, "you'll have to get some better excuse than that for staying out till all hours of the night."

The old cronies were giving their experiences and theories about unlucky days. After a while a quiet old chap in the back contributed this: "Aa'll tell ye ma unlucky days. Aa's fund oot in ma time that it's unlucky to be struck wi' leetning on a Monday; or te be catched wiv' a circular saw on a Tuesday; or te tumble overboard on a Wednesday; or te be run ower by a motor-car on a Thursday; or lose a ten-pun note on a Friday; or be biten by a mad dog on a Saturday, and hev nowt for dinner on the Sunday!"

Luke had been sent to the store with the mule and wagon. What happened is told in Luke's end of the conversation over the telephone from the store: "Gimme seb'n'-leben.—Gimme dat number quick, please'm.—Dis yer's Luke, suh.—Dis yer's Luke, I say, suh.—I tuk de wagon to de sto' f' dat truck.—Yas, suh, I'm at de sto'.—Dat mule, she balk, suh.—She's balkin' in de big road, near de sto'.—No, suh; she ain' move.—No, suh, I don' think she's gwine move.—Yas, suh, I beat 'er.—I did beat 'er good.—She jes' r'ar a li'l bit, suh.—Yas, suh, she kick, too.—She jes' bus' de whiffle-tree li'l bit, suh.—No, suh, dat mule won't lead.—Yas, suh, I tried it.—No, suh, jes' bit at me.—No, suh, I ain't tickle de laigs.—I tickle um las' year, suh, once.—Yas, suh, we twis' 'er tail.—No, suh, I ain' done it.—Who done it?—I tink he's li'l travelin' man f'um Boston, suh. He twis' 'er tail.—Yas, suh! She sho' did!—Right spang in de face, suh.—Dey's got 'im at de sto'.—Dey say he's comin' to, suh.—I don' know—he do look mighty sleepy to me, suh.—Yas, suh, we tried dat.—Yas, suh, we built a fire under 'er.—No, suh, dat ain' make 'er go.—She jes' move up a li'l bit, suh.—Yas, suh, de wagon bu'n right up. Dat's whut I'm telephonin' yu 'bout—to ast yu please sen' a wagon to hitch up to dis yer mule. She ain' gwine to budge lessen she's hitched up. Good-by, suh."—*New York Evening Post*

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For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

A Larger Tolerance, a Greater Love

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
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THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE BAND HEADING LOMALAND PEACE PROCESSION, JUNE 23, 1915

PEACE

Let us in the spirit of true Internationalism and Brotherly Love unfurl the banner of Peace to the world, and make it a living power in our lives and in the lives of all men, that war may cease forever.

Let us by playing our part well, evoke the Spirit of Peace, that it may brood over our fair land and all the lands of this fair Earth, and breathe into the hearts of all a larger tolerance and a greater love for each other, for all nations, and all people. —KATHERINE TINGLEY

Renewing Youth

BY the time he is fifty the forces of a man's body have reached their maximum. Physically he is at the top of the tree of life.

Now what will happen to him?

He looks around and sees that from that point or before it the men he knows have begun to descend, to stiffen, to grow old. He begins to think of himself as doing the same, begins to speak of "my time of life," and to refrain from taking up new lines of action and thinking. He lets old age in on him.

In ancient India they used to offer sacrifice to certain powers of nature they called "gods." At each period of life there were, they considered, "gods" particularly concerned with that period, willing to be specially helpful just at that time, and consequently appropriate to be sacrificed to. In their old books it is laid down that up to the age of say sixty there was one group to be invoked; from then to ninety another; from ninety to a hundred and twenty another; and still another from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and sixty! So far as we can judge from these old writings a hundred and sixty was a very usual age to die at.

And *we* are thinking that at about fifty it is time to begin to retrench activities and put one's house in order for the finish!

No one need accept that hundred and sixty if it is too much of a strain for him. But nor need he come to the other extreme and accept the modern fifty. And if he refuses this latter he can do more for himself than he imagines possible.

There are several causes of old age. One of them is nature herself. For her own good reasons she has arranged that at *some* time the body shall wear out and let the soul—now ripe with experience needing digestion—go free.

Another is wrong thinking. The body is far more sensitive to the mind than we suspect. If the mind is perpetually thinking *I am getting old*, or *I am a back number, a has-been*, the body takes the idea and *gets* old accordingly—many, many years, sometimes, before it would have got old on nature's schedule.

Now you are fifty, or sixty; no matter what. What are you going to do about it? Think about dying, or think about keeping on living?

Two paths are in front, one going downhill with fading faculties and narrowing scope and outlook; the other leading to light and a renewed life of higher and finer sort.

Some chronic ailments may have settled in upon you. If you take that second path, they will presently show a tendency to get better and may disappear altogether.

Some bad habits of body and mind may now seem confirmed. In reality they are easier than ever to uproot or paralyse, easy to side-step.

First, recognize all this. Refuse absolutely the notion that from now on is downhill.

Be glad now that transgressions against the body provoke a surer and quicker and more lasting penalty than they did in earlier years. You are being helped in this way to avoid them. But don't sigh regretfully over the avoiding. There is nothing in them worth your having. Don't let them into your thought. You have other matters to attend to. Have nothing to do with the past; keep your eye forward with hope and confidence which you will have plenty of time to see justified. Go about your daily work as a man does who knows that something better and better is presently coming for him. *There is*, once you have learned to do it in that spirit and do it well and faithfully with all your best.

Expect the new light, new peace, new understanding which is actually awaiting you. They can't get in, a little ray today, a little ray tomorrow, a new gleam week by week, unless you look out for them. When you are alone and have "nothing to do" is just when there is most doing in that line.

Take up the study of something, a period of history, music, a language, Theosophy—especially the last. It will not only give you new understanding of life but throw light on everything else you study.

Don't drop and droop. Pass alertly from one task and occupation to another at once, even if the other be rest and relaxation. Some men *straggle* through the day, slop and fall along it. That's the spirit of getting old. Quiet alertness is the spirit of life and though it may cost effort of will at first, you soon find that you are re-creating your energies.

This is the prescription for the new life. It won't fail you.

STUDENT



The Temple of Life

PERHAPS the least understood and most abused part of human nature is the body. It has been variously described on the one hand as "The Temple of the Living God," and on the other as "This muddy vesture of decay," receiving also a host of other names all tending more or less to one or the other of these extremes.

The emphasis usually given to the "*Ills* the flesh is heir to" has tended to obscure the possibility of *physical regeneration* with all its attendant blessings of power to function spiritually in proportion to the purification attained.

It is a strange incongruity, that while we never blame a piece of good machinery for faults committed by an incapable workman in charge of it, we do blame the body for conditions which entirely proceed from the *use* to which it has been subjected. It is an obvious fact that physical habits are but the perpetuations of original impulses of thought and desire along the exact lines in which the habits still continue to move.

But what is the prescription for physical regeneration?

Just as fire continues its "habit" of burning the particular material which has been ignited, so do particular bodily conditions (aroused by the igniting power of thought and desire) tend to continue *of themselves* until eradicated by some purifying process.

Now when the spiritual forces of life awake the heart, the entry of this new element into the mind gives the light by which former habits are *seen* as false and limiting. The unfortunate tendency then arises to blame the body and its functions for the bundle of obstructing habits which the *occupant* of the body originated therein. As well say that a plot of good land is responsible for inferior crops, the seeds of which were planted by an ignorant farmer. When the farmer hears "good tidings" of better seeds to be had, he does not blame his land for having grown the bad stock he himself planted; on the contrary he decides to rectify his mistakes in full faith that his land will nurture and perfect the better crops he *now* proposes to plant.

Applied to human nature the truth underlying this picture seems apparent. The body itself, like the primeval soil of the earth, is not primarily responsible for the bad conditions and habits the mind finds itself bound by when it first awakens to a truer vision of life. Unless it is clearly recognized that the physical tabernacle enshrines powers to function along lines of the highest spirituality, the misguided mind will tend to regard its body as a necessary hindrance to spiritual progress.

Before the farmer plants new crops he first clears the ground of its weeds and stubble. This illustration suggests that all failure to *realize* the aspirations of the soul lies at the door of conduct in all its aspects. If former habits of life are permitted to retain hold over the physical organism, the highest aspirations must become blighted for lack of soil wherein to take root. The forces of personal life (as contrasted with aspirations of a higher nature) have a tremendous advantage in that they are already in possession of the physical energies. Whereas the ideals of the Soul are still, as it were, "in the air," unable to enter the stream of life because their rightful places are already occupied by "thieves and money-changers."

When these facts are pondered upon, the rightful place of the body as the soil upon which all harvests of human experience are sown and reaped, becomes clear. Stubble and weeds may be in possession, it is true; but there is always the primeval soil, ready for irrigation by the pure waters of the heart, ready to nurture the seeds of spiritual existence once it has been cleared of its encumbrances and tilled by the action of pure desire and thought. The Spiritual Will, which by determined effort readjusts the chaos created by the thoughtless personality, is then enabled to enter its own house and become one with Nature — as represented by the purified physical body.

W. A. D.

A Few Don'ts

(An Auditorium Address)

WE are all in here for a certain length of time, some for more, some less. "Let's make the best of a bad job," says some fellow. He's on the right track, and in one way it is a bad job. But you can't fairly call a condition "a bad job" and let it go at that when it gives you a chance to do something good for yourself that you'd never otherwise have thought of doing or had such an opportunity to do.

We've got to put the time in somehow, months or years. We can't put it in moping, or quarreling, or cussing; or let it put itself in the best way it can. But we can also put it in *growing* — into more of a man, more of a will, more of a big character, more of a thinker. There's powers and powers — of mind and soul — in us all, latent, unused, unknown.

I read an old tag somewhere once which never got away from my mind. It says: "A stone becomes a plant, the plant an animal, the animal a man, and man a —," don't know what.

You can see the line; it's really modern science, doctrine of evolution.

Suppose we bank on this saying and act accordingly, just for want of something else to do. It's amusing and it keeps the mind busy. In other words let's get some progress towards that — whatever it is — that man *can* become. Progress is our word, progress of mind.

I've been thinking over this a little and I saw that the mind needs clearing and hoeing and weeding to prepare for our new crop — which crop is our future selves a year or ten years from now. Fine crops they can be, these selves, as I see them with a little looking ahead.

The mind needs peace. You can't grow anything on a field that's everlastingly blithered with storms and hurricanes and fires.

So I looked over THE NEW WAY and picked out a few *don'ts* scattered here and there and strung them together. Altogether they seemed to make about the prescription I needed for my own case. Here's the little list, and as far as I've gone they certainly work all right. Maybe they will with you too.

Don't compare your lot with that of anyone else who you think has a pleasanter time. Envy does a man a lot of harm, stops his progress, spoils his peace, and prevents him seeing the compensation for his own troubles. There's always compensation for his own troubles, if a man would but look for it. It may be hidden at first; but it's there and in full measure. If it does not look the equal of the troubles, it is because we have not yet got its secret and its meaning. (Some of us will think some day that the possibility of growth was pretty good compensation for being here.) The man who you think has a pleasanter time might be surprised if he learned that you supposed he was happy.

Don't make too much of an effort to shake off or side-track some sort of unpleasantness that seems to dog you — *especially* if it seems to dog you. For in that case you are meeting the harvest of seeds — mistakes of the past; it belongs to you: that is, is a necessary discipline for your growth, is developing something in you, or correcting something. When its work is done it will fall off of itself. To shake it off before that is merely to have it replaced by another, whilst this same one is awaiting you further along.

Don't make too much effort to get pleasures that aren't naturally coming your way; especially don't do anything wrong to get them. There'll only be more pain later than you get pleasure now.

Don't kick because the door to some pleasure you used to be able to get is now closed to you; not even when — as in the infirmities of age — nearly all the old doors are shut. A new door — peace and growth — is always opening little by little as a man's old pleasures begin to fail him one by one. Reflect whether they did you any real good, or whether they merely kept hot the desire for more of them. Look for the new door of opportunity which most men neither go through nor even see. Don't look back.

Don't look with irritation and contempt at the faults of others. It stops progress and develops in oneself an equivalent fault and sometimes the same one.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," those who make and keep peace in their own hearts and brains, new-made every day and kept all day. Peace is the first condition of progress.

REPORTER



Mother Earth

IF a word that used to mean something very fine and noble gets anaemic, washed out, pale and unpleasant looking, we can guess that something has happened to the thing or condition that it used to mean.

The word *spiritual* is a case in point. In some old writings that word was full of life and color. When they referred to "the spiritual life" the old writers evidently meant a state that was the very limit of glory and happiness and desirability.

If the word hasn't much left of all that color and pulse it would seem that the state itself is not now understood as they understood it, and not understood because it is not reached.

I want to get back to some idea of the old meaning.

You sometimes hear of "this old earth of ours," "this old planet we live on." I must beg leave to quarrel with the word "old." The earth seems to me to bear all the marks of youth and enthusiasm.

Of course you must take long views. Six months or a year is nothing.

I was talking to an old resident on the moon the other day. Of course he doesn't live there now, for the moon is dead, worn out, no life on her any more. He lives else-

where in the solar system; but as he is of great age and saw the moon affair right out from start to finish, from when she was young and healthy and life-bearing on into her old age and final death, his views are worth hearing.

I had used that very phrase, "this old earth of ours."

"Don't talk that way to me," he answered with some heat. "You don't know your own luck. Why, that young Mother of yours hasn't much more than begun to show what she can do and is going to do.

"You take short views, my son. A century seems a long time to you. I've watched your planet since she was just a mass of cloud-stuff blowing about in space. Watched her ever since with great interest, for I was told from the first that something big was going to happen to her children.

"After a while she settled down to business and developed rocks and seas out of the surface of her skin. She poured life into the rock and the water and presently there were particles of the rock that got so much of it that they couldn't stay rock any more. They separated off and softened and got what you call 'alive' and swam away into the water as happy as you please. They joined themselves together and in their excess of life they multiplied and became great water-plants and finally land-plants and trees.

"And the life kept pouring in and finally some of them got so much of it that plant-ways were too slow for them and I saw that now there were little animals swimming and crawling about. They vibrated to light and sounds and color, and in the general thrill got fully conscious of the world they were in and raced all over it and multiplied. And the life kept pouring into them and at last there were some very fine sorts of them.

"And the life kept pouring in faster, and at last in one sudden, brilliant dose unlike any that had come before. The animals it had burst into became men, livened or illuminated with mind-soul.

"Mixed up with animal-life this mind-soul forgot for a while its own real nature, my son, and there's hardly any of you that have remembered it yet.

"But this higher life-light is still pouring in. It's been like the heat under one of your kettles. The water shows no sign for a long time of the growing heat, but at last it suddenly boils.

"And that's the way with you fellows. You don't know what's been going on in you this long long time. But you're going to blaze out into spiritual life pretty soon; some few have done it already and they're a fore-sign of what's coming for the rest. It's a new sort of life. You'd hardly understand if I told you about it. The life inside your poets and musicians and artists and great philosophers at their greatest moments is a touch of it. But the final — what it's going to be! Beggars anything yet. For the life is pouring yet, faster than ever before, into you all, if you'd take notice how you feel and look out for the benediction and not talk



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"THE SEVEN KINGS," ILLUSTRATING THE ANCIENT LEGEND OF VADSTENA, ESCORTING THE LOMALAND
PEACE PROCESSION, JUNE 23, 1915

so much and quit hating each other and remember that you're one family.

"You're an ignorant lot, son. You don't know your own good luck nor the powers and possibilities shut up in the feeblest of you. You're the young Earth's children, I tell you, and she isn't going to let go of you and isn't going to cease benedicting you, ungrateful as you may be. She'll look after you while you're what you call alive and while you're what you call dead. You can't get away from her. . . . But I've got a little business in Saturn; one of his rings ain't going quite true. Adios."

STUDENT



Our Cousins

THIS story is going to have a moral. But all the same it is a good story.

In ancient days the great hero Thor went a-wandering about in search of adventure. He came to a mighty city wherein was a mighty palace and in that a mighty banqueting hall. A king sat on the throne at the head of the great benches along the tables. He told Thor that it was the custom at that place to give no

one hospitality in board or bed until he could show that he was supreme in some heroic feat.

Thor agreed and said that his first feat should be drinking. He would drink at one draught the mightiest horn of mead they could find. It was brought, foaming full. Thor put his lips to it and drank long and deep till his breath was gone and he thought the horn must surely be empty. He looked and behold he had taken little more than the foam from the surface.

The king laughed sneeringly and said that he himself would propose a feat, a mere trifle for one of such far-renowned strength as Thor. Let Thor but lift the gray cat that had just entered the hall.

Thor, disgusted at so ignoble a test, clasped his hands under the cat's belly and tried to raise her. But with all the strength he could put to it the cat's back was but arched a little and one paw raised an inch or two from the ground.

The king laughed again and asked what Thor would now propose. "I will wrestle," said Thor. "Let me see who shall outdo me." Amid the laughter of the men along the tables a toothless old woman came forward

and clasped Thor around the waist. A mighty wrestle followed and finally Thor was forced upon one knee.

For some reason the king now became friendly and they passed the night feasting and story-telling. And in the morning the king took him upon his way for a space and at parting said: "Truly, Thor, thou art a mighty hero, and I would not that thou shouldst come again among my warriors lest thou shouldst humble them all. Marvelous were thy feats. Learn now that the other end of the horn dipped into the ocean and yet thou didst lower a little the level of the mead. And the cat was in reality the great Midgard serpent that encompasseth the whole earth in his coil. And yet thou stretchedst him so that he could barely bring tail and mouth together. And the seeming woman was Old Age himself, whom no man ever on earth shall wholly conquer, yet who did but bring thee to one knee."

And the moral?

All honor to the man that tries to overcome some evil in himself, even though he fail; still more when he wins. For the force of all human evil is against him. The whole past of humanity is part of him, thus far much more evil than good. If we could trace back the branching lines of our parentage, of our heredity, we should find that every family on earth had sometime branched into and out from every other. We are all cousins. Every embodied soul has, in the germ from which his body sprang, a complete sample or epitome of the entire race-body with all the tendencies that men in the past have impressed on their bodies. And if these were on the whole much more evil than good, how great is the task that lies before each soul that embodies itself!

And in the "air," the mental "air" that we "breathe" into our minds as we grow up, are all the thoughts, the passions, the greed, the strife, the selfishness, of the past and the present—much more evil than good; and the thought-pictures of ill deeds done—more, more, by far than the good deeds. And we were mostly never trained to know that as divine souls we had and have power to call forth will enough to triumph over it all, to paralyse the evil tendencies as we meet them and pay back pictures and tendencies of good. For this is done, in part, by him who fights himself; still more by him who wins his fight. To these, all honor!

We see the meaning of Katherine Tingley's saying that she has no censure for the weakness and failings of humanity. Let us have the same charity. It is for us to judge the deed, not the man. The Higher Law alone can judge him according to the measure of his responsibility. The only man that each of us may judge is—himself, himself honest with himself, fearing nothing once that he has put his feet on the noble path of endeavor, confessing to no one save to that Higher Self, the "Father in Secret," whose embodied ray he is, whose representative in the vineyard of earth-life. C.

The Real "War-Babies"

"HOW a man who knows anything about heredity can defend war passes my understanding."

We had been listening to the usual arguments that war develops the manly virtues, promotes comradeship, toughens and hardens the body, and so forth.

"Better stop there, Underhill," interrupted Wilson. "You're trying to shoot from a place you ain't standing on. You know *you* don't believe in heredity. I've heard you argue that we've all lived on earth before and shall again. And if that's so, a man's of his *own* past making, and his parents don't do more'n oblige him with the convenience of a body to come into."

"No quarrel whatever between reincarnation and heredity," retorted Underhill. "A man gets lots of stuff from his parents, mental and bodily, besides the lot he brought along with him. Unless, in his past, he'd made himself a good strong positive character and a stiff will, what he gets from his parents will pretty well overlay what's his own. And most fellows take pretty much what they find and go along through life with the family and parental stamp as thoroughly all over their minds as their bodies. Consequently I beg to move the previous question, as it were, and proceed from what I said first. And that is that every war is not only the fairly sure parent of the next, but also of an ocean of blackguardism that can't be measured. It's this way:

"The fellows who go through the fighting are mostly young fellows, to be fathers nearly all of them when they get through with the killing and come back home. Every normal man's got a natural horror of seeing human blood and carcasses, and a worse horror of making other men into carcasses himself. He gets over that in the war business. He sees his comrade slashed and torn to pieces, their heads blown off, their limbs carried away and their bowels ripped out of their abdomens. He hears cries of agony and the low groans of the dying. And all the time it's his duty to do that slashing and shooting and disemboweling himself to other fellows that he calls the enemy, fellow humans, nice fellows, mostly, like himself. He gets his eyes, his ears, his mind, his memory, filled full forever with the blood and horror business—not only as a man who's *seen* it, but a man who's *done* it, been right there in the butchering with his own hands.

"And then with a mind and memory charged up with this, he goes back and proceeds to be, or to go on being—if he was married before—a furnisher of population to his country.

"Now if a fellow can get, as he passes through into birth, a dose of his father's bad temper or his father's love of drink, things that live all the time in the back room of his father's mind, why ain't he likely to get something from all that mass of blood-and-killing memories, stored in the same place? Why ain't he likely to be born with a natural twist that way, a natural readiness to do a

killing at any time himself? I don't say he *must* be a brute; but if that line of ghastly memories was to the fore anywhere about the time when his spark was struck and afterwards when his make-up is proceeding — why, I say, isn't he likely to have every leaning that way? It might take the form of a love of soldiering or love of any kind of a fight. Or it might make him into a natural murderer of men and torturer of animals. I'm saying "he"; but the generation after a war may contain a million such fellows in every one of the countries that warred.

"And that's why I say that every war is the natural parent not only of another war (which the hatred and desire for revenge left in the beaten party would make it anyway), but also a crop of the worst type of ruffians and criminals. There ain't any benefit to be credited to war that's fit to be set for a moment against this side of the case."

REPORTER

A Mystery

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountain showed
The open pine between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang;
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang.

No clue of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above the crag
Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foothills
The mountain road should creep;
So, green and low, the meadows fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took;
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiselessly at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream
Or glimpse through aeons old?
The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told.

To Night

BY BLANCO WHITE

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

The Light of Death

BY the bedside of my wife as she died I came to know
that death is not death but freedom and light.

We had always been very close together. What one of us felt and thought, so did the other. Never had we a moment of disharmony.

I held her hand as she passed out and a sudden tightening of her fingers on mine was the last message she could give me through her body.

But after that I waited quietly. And in a few minutes a blessed and profound peace came all over me and through me. And I knew it was the peace that she had reached. I saw all my own life and all of hers and all the events of the years we had had together. I knew that she was seeing mine as I saw hers and that our souls were closer at one than they had ever been before, more perfect comrades and fellow-workers.

The current of communion, deeper than words, deeper even than thoughts, has never ceased. *Where* she is, I know not. *That* she is, indeed I do know. Our lives run together, each the stronger (I think; I know mine is), for the other.

As for the *heart* life, believe me death cannot sever true comrades, those who have worked together for good. Good endures. It is evil that falters and fails and must die out. It is not rooted in the nature of things. So those who work together in good are immortal together in it. They are part of the working nature of things, part of life itself. — *From a Recent Autobiography*

IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join with you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five Subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten Subscriptions for \$5.00.

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

The Way-Bill

THE higher a man's aims, the more do the seeming obstacles, when faced squarely, turn out to be stepping-stones. He who would reach the greater life seems to meet irritations and difficulties in every direction — from his fellows, from circumstances, from his own character.

Accept them as your servants and helpers. Invite them and face them as such. Finally, walk on them. When you are the other side you will be able to look back at them with interest and also with some amusement at your present self which thought them so large and formidable.

THE mind of the ordinary man mistakes the character of everything which happens to him. Seeing things as important or unimportant, valuable or useless, desirable or objectionable, it has the whole scene wrong, distorted, upside down. It only begins to get the true view and meaning and proportion of things when it fixes its eyes on the light at the hill-top. Then the man goes forward untroubled, and circumstances come to be understood aright. He finds help in every direction.

NEVER omit to take a small and easy victory over one of your failings just because it happens at that moment to be so easy. It is these little victories that lead on to and make possible the great one, the great gate-opening into the higher nature. When that moment comes, our one regret is that we did not bring it sooner by taking more of the small victories, making more of the small efforts, for which the chances offer themselves so often every day.

A MAN would never do anything wrong if he had far sight enough to balance up his own long-range interests. *Something* in us has this far sight, right ahead through all the unhappy consequences of the act. But till we have got closer to this divine something and see with its eyes, the only thing it can do for us is to say *Don't*. And this *Don't* is conscience. Conscience is the advice of the soul.

THE best remedy for the pain of wanting what fate denies you is the continued attempt to do what you have to better than you ever did before. This is not only the best, but a good best, and after a little time absolutely effective. And it will do much more than remedy this particular pain.

A MAN's body cannot put anything into his mind which his mind has not at some previous time put into his body.

LIFE only gives freely of itself to him who lets it go through him freely as gifts, as good-will, as service, and as well-done duty.

WHEN, in the silence, I had got deeper into myself than thoughts can express, when thoughts had ceased in thought, then from the center of life, the heart, I heard the subtle, never silent, song of life.—*Eastern*

Heard This?

Guest at public dinner, called upon to respond to toast: "This is quite unexpected. In fact when I came into this room I felt like Daniel in the lions' den. When he got into the place and looked around he said to himself, 'Whoever's going to do the after-dinner speaking, it won't be me!'"

The relatives of a woman who had died telephoned to the florist for a wreath. "The ribbon attached to it," they said, "must bear the inscription *Rest in Peace* on either side, and, if there is room, *We shall meet in Heaven*."

The florist was away and his young assistant undertook the job. When the wreath arrived the mourners were edified with this inscription on the ribbon: "Rest in Peace on either Side, and, if there is Room, we shall meet in Heaven."

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung powers. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother:

"Ma, little brother came from heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear," answered the mother.

Johnny was silent for a minute, and then he went on:

"I say, ma!"

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I don't blame the angels for slinging him out, do you?"

Colonel, to Private Jones crawling out from the trench towards enemy's lines: "Jones, come back, you fool. You'll be shot."

Jones: "I know it, Colonel. But there's a hornet in the trench."

In a New York paper: "To rent. Large, handsomely furnished room, private family; almost private bath."

Willie, (very seriously): "Papa, I had a strange dream this morning."

Papa: "Indeed! What was it?"

Willie: "I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to Heaven; and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden street, as I expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there was a ladder reaching away up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that Heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each rung some sin I had committed."

Papa (laying down his newspaper): "And did you finally reach Heaven, my son?"

Willie: "No, papa, for just as I was trying to think of something to write on the second rung I looked up and saw you coming down."

Papa: "And what was I coming down for?"

Willie: "That's what I asked you, and you told me you were coming down for more chalk."

212.02
NE
Stack
For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"Fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

Published Monthly by the League under the direction of KATHERINE TINGLEY
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EAST ENTRANCE OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY BUILDING, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA. STUDENTS WELCOMING GUESTS

Another Chance

THE man was dying in a hospital and now only conscious by fits and starts. Between whiles he lapsed into dream; then came to and found a nurse bending over him; then lapsed again. Burgling a rich house he had been shot, shot in the lungs and spine, and there was nothing for it but morphine till the end came.

He had had a hard, fierce life, marked all along with crime. He had never known a home nor any relative save a drunken mother who had turned him out of doors as a boy. He had always fought for his own hand, lov-

ing no other living creature than one dog as savage as himself. Society as a whole and all its laws he regarded with a dull, fixed hate. In a sort of blind way he had sometimes wondered what it was that made people look after each other, what love was. In the jails they had always called him "a tough case" and treated him accordingly.

As he lay between dream and waking, out of the dissolving mists of many mixed dreams presently came this one, clearer than any.

There was another man whom he seemed to recognize

and nevertheless could not quite place. The scene was a prison and that other man was a prisoner. He was pale, thin and listless — for that matter like most of the others — and he got through his daily monotonous weary tasks at the machines with evident difficulty.

The dying man knew somehow exactly what this other felt and even thought. He watched him into his cell at night and saw him spending the hours pacing the eight feet of stretch to and fro in an agony of memory and longing. He seemed to be watching him for weeks and months, felt his dread of the coming Sunday as each week drew to its close, and then the weight of the age-long, almost unmoving hours crawling one after another from mid-Saturday till the Monday following. For there was no release for any of the inmates in all that time.

The prisoner's round of thought and memory never changed. There was nothing to do, nothing to change it. Each thought and each memory gnawed its hole in his brain and stayed there, a fixed ache. His whole nature, which the dying man somehow knew had once been bright and sunny, weak rather, too, and impressible, altered and filled up with a ceaseless, sullen, bitter hate of society and its laws, a society which forgot his existence and laws which had condemned him to so deep a hell.

The dying man saw that one night that other man managed to hang himself. When he saw that he knew that he had known it would happen, that in some way it was his own mind that had planned it and thought it out. It seemed to him as he watched the body that that other man's mind and nature was somehow passed over into *his*, into *him*. The other was *himself*. He knew that sometime — he did not know how long after nor what had happened between — he had come on into birth again, incarnate vindictiveness, incarnate protest, the capacity to love anything human totally absent.

And so he had lived out this present life which was now closing, vengefully and sullenly preying upon society. Now he understood why he was different from other men, why love had never shown its smallest spark in his darkened heart. "They" had killed it in that other life. It had died out under the slow march of those black years in the cell. He had died hating and been born hating.

But now his feeling changed a little. Was *another* life to come, black and sullen as this which he knew was quickly closing? He had never been happy, even in the completest gratifications of his hate and vengefulness. Back, back, in that other life there had once been sunlight and joy. It was even the spirit of good-comradeship that had betrayed him then to the deed that had wrecked him.

Might not another life be another chance? Could he not win the light and peace and happiness of those earlier days once more? He was stronger than *that* self, stronger because of suffering, stronger for this approaching death that in its approach had opened his eyes and given him his memories. A kind of gratitude to death took hold of him and his heart softened the more. Hope even for him, and a new chance. He would try . . . C.

A Sermon from a Pal

YES, yes, there's a good deal in what you say. From one point of view life does look as if it was run by a conscienceless and sometimes cruel Power.

But I think we might try a theory that would equally cover all the facts you refer to and yet be consistent with men's universal longing to find beneficence and wisdom at the heart of things.

You know there are men who care very little about outer circumstances, comforts, foods, warmth, prosperity, poverty. They live in themselves, a very full life, too, unaffected by any of these things. It is not necessarily a selfish life, either, for most men are selfish just in proportion as they *do* care about them.

They are only quiet, self-contained and self-sustained men, full of mind. They care little for ordinary society, but when you do get them to talk their talk is worth something.

Say you are sitting in a theater. The scene in front of you is very beautiful — mountains, a lake, trees, all flooded with sunshine. Then it changes. The next is the bare interior of a wretched New York back-street flat. And the next is the deck of a ship.

You take them just as they come. Each scene is all right to you as long as it furthers the action of the piece. That's the great point, the action of the piece, the development of plot and character.

Just such changes occur in the scenery of human life, outer life. There's honor and dishonor, prosperity and ruin, loved ones and the loss of them. Whatever a man's heart is most tied to, just that is likely to be struck away from him. The outer scenery is never still.

Which is the higher and stronger man, with the deepest and most developed character: the man whose mental condition is utterly dependent on his surroundings, who is happy or unhappy according as things go his way or not, needs every comfort if he is not to be wailing and complaining — or the independent man leading his strong, full, inner life all the same whatever his possessions or losses, whether his body is fed on one food or another, whether his eyes rest on pictures and a grand piano, or on bare walls and floor? Which is nearer the childish state? If people were readers of character, which sort at election time would they choose for their President, when, as now, waters run high and black clouds hang low?

Well, since it's a fair supposition that in this universe — and the earth's a part of it — there's always big work waiting the big soul to do it, for instance, the guidance of parts of the great life-stream, the guidance and protection and development of younger and undeveloped souls, as well as tasks too great for us to imagine and name — how's it going to get done? Who's going to do it? The Power behind all things has got to have agents to work with, minds that can feel and understand something of its great purposes and work them out into evolution. For evolution is everywhere. It's the great

keynote. How's this Power going to evolve its big, self-contained men to work out for it its grand ideals and give its divine energy concrete expression in life, in forms of life?

What we generally understand by life is a spell of seventy years or so. Some men live this life almost as if this was their first go at it—the men that are just played on by their surroundings and are happy or unhappy according as the scenery is pleasant or unpleasant. Some, those who lead a strong inner life that makes them indifferent to outer things and possessions, show the marks of long-ago-won maturity. They grew up somewhere through lives of experience that gradually made them indifferent, superior.

How's the education done? We can see it going on. A man's given for a while all the things he can enjoy, and when his enjoyment is at its height they are struck away. He loves his health, and disease cripples him; loves honor, and gets disgrace; comfort, and gets ruin and poverty. He's given the pleasant and unpleasant in all sorts of doses alternating. At last, in some life here or elsewhere—there's more planets than this in the universe!—he gets case-hardened, fire-proof, bereavement-proof; can't be shaken; so much fullness inside that he cares nothing for either pleasures or pains outside; thinks nothing of the scenery. He's got the great peace, has found the real life, learned the great Purpose for him. Experience has at last done its work through the pains and pleasures it brought.

Once you see the thing this way matters look different, don't they? It is possible to see, in all the apparent "cruelties" and "capriciousness" of happenings, the hand of pure and lofty beneficence and compassion, trying to aid life and to evolve big souls that shall be its instruments. And I say that any man who tries and lives the right life can come to knowledge of that Power and feel its beneficence and compassion for him—feel it the more the more he has to suffer. THE LISTENER



Chris on the "Fall"

OLD Chris had paid one of his rare visits to the village church, and when I cycled down that Sunday afternoon for a chat with him he was ruminating on the sermon over a pipe in his jasmine-covered porch. The garden, redolent with flowers, opened by a little wicker gate upon the road, and on the other side of the road was a green field sloping down to the trout stream from which he furnished some of his own suppers. One of these suppers I proposed to share with him that evening.

"Yes, son, I did," he said; "wanted to see if parson's caught any new ideas fishin' in his books since I last took a spiritual meal with him. Couldn't see that he had, though. I don't reckon that any illoominatins I came by on the 'Fall'—which was his topic—was sparked off his anvil."

"Hard to say any new thing about that," I suggested.

"Any fellow that'll speak straight out of his experience'll say somethin' new about that or anything else," he answered. "*There's* the place to get after the live fish. What's in them theological books is smoked and dried and salted.

"Fallen into sin, he said we are, all of us. Fell from *where?* says I to myself. And *when?* If 'twas when we was born we must 'a' bin alive before and alive in a somewhere where there ain't no sin. Where's that? says I. But he didn't give no answer.

"But after all, it wasn't *us* as had fallen at all, accordin' as he made it out a bit later. He was talkin' about that couple way back, Adam and Eve. *We* just appeared somehow new-made right in the place they fell to, not havin' done any fallin' on our own account at all, *born* fell, created fell.

"Well, I lost touch o' the parson along about there and went off on my own line. I'm with the *Fall* idea, all right; no quarrel there. But I've got to have the Fall for myself, right in my own experience if I'm goin' to get any juice out o' the idea.

"Son, there's a Fall an' a burial every day, an' the man walks about in his tomb, callin' it himself. Fortunately for us the tomb falls a bit off the man now and then, and other times the man takes a flight out of his tomb. But I dunno as most fellows profit much either way.

"Long in the quiet evenin', maybe, a man's inside neatly packed with a satisfactory little meal digestin' all right, somethin' in the way of a garden to look upon and smell at, moon up and silverin' things, pipe lit and worries forgotten, his better nature'll come on deck. He's all mild in his speakin' if there's anybody to speak to, an' if there ain't he gets thoughts as don't come any other time, kinder sees into things a bit, gets some feel of an overwatchin' Spirit that's soakin' into him and tellin' him that things is all right an' will be took care of in the long run.

"What's all that mean? Means that the body ain't in his way, don't it? It's fed and all busy over the feed; it's got somethin' to look at an' smell at an' listen to; an' it can chew over the pipe. Consequently it ain't sayin' nothin', ain't botherin' him any. The tomb's thinned out some. He can get in a bit closer to his proper self.

"Son, if a man could get close enough to that overwatchin' Spirit he'd have thoughts and knowledge so deep there ain't any words he could put 'em in, an' a peace about him you could most see. An' that's where he belongs an' where he fell from. Fell into the body, didn' he? an' got all wrapped up, tethered in, mind and memory? Can't think anything that's any good to him and can't remember where he came from. B'gosh it's a fall! 'Lucifer, Son of the Morning, how art thou fallen!'"

The old man was silent a moment and then went on upon the text he had quoted.

"*Lucifer* means light-bearer, they tell me. An' that's

a man, sure; but he's forgot his own light. An' *mornin'*, what he's son of, is the Spirit. In the beginning was darkness an' the morning sun rose up an' started things to life an' breathes life and light into 'em to this minute. I reckon a man gets back to it, nights, when his body's asleep an' ain't monkeyin' with his mind any more for the time. *Remember?* Well, he don't remember an' he do. 'There's a sight o' things in a fellow's memory that he can't rightly get at. I reckon it's snags o' spiritual memory that the big music fellows try to write down an' that stirs the poetry and painting fellows to try an' say an' paint what can't be said nor painted. It's memories of what's way up above our words and tunes and colors.

"But, son, what I'm gettin' at in all this long-winded jaw of mine is that that Fall was fell by each and all of us, was fell when we was born, is fell every mornin' when we wake downward from the Spirit into the body abed and take up the body's memories of all it's been through and enjoyed an' squirmed at; an' is fell in a smaller way when we let the body run us into low tricks an' mischief an' the swine an' gutter an' red-light business. An' the Fall is begun to be riz from when we stand up like men an' turn a friendly face an' a helpin' hand every way an' forgive them that's injured us. An' more'n all in the silence when we search after the Spirit in heart and head.

"Now I'm goin' to squeeze up a few berries for you with a bit o' sugar an' a dash o' cream. Be all right after that ride of yours, won't it?"

And I admitted that it might.

REPORTER



An Obituary Oration

HE died fuller of life, according to his own ideas, than he had ever been before; though he died of old age, honestly worn out.

I don't know when he took a new hold on himself—not so many years back. But he suddenly took to "flinging himself into the day"—his own expression. From the first thing to the last he tried to do everything a shade better than he had done it yesterday, whatever it was. Said he felt the better for working that way. It was the way to accumulate life. "We're here for a purpose, a reason," he used to say. "Not so much to *do* any particular thing as to get to *be* a particular thing. We come here on earth with any quantity of force—the spiritual life-force—locked up in us, and this earth-life we live is for the purpose of working it loose from its hiding place and getting it into our hands. It's only to be done by work. Not just *doing* the work, getting it off the list; but by doing it all the time better. That's calling out the reserves of force, of life, of will. If a man works that way he won't die till all his reserves are out and ready."

He acted out his principles; said *Good morning* to you in a heartier way all the time so that he *made* it a good morning for you. Ate his food with the idea eaten into

it that it should build him a better body. Drove every nail with a nicer touch. All the day, whatever was doing, even when nothing was to do, he was doing that something, or the nothing, better.

"Body wears out," he said, "like an old piano. Do the best practice you can with it, and though there may be nothing but old rattling keys with half the wires gone or rusted, when the time comes for you to be furnished with a fine new instrument you'll show what you'd really been accomplishing all the time on the old shack. Life's for the purpose of getting hold of your latent powers, getting them out and getting hold on them. Don't matter what your duties are, so you do them to the limit and keep pushing the limit. That's what loosens your powers and gives them into your hands for future use. We'll get a new instrument sometime, somewhere, maybe here again, and then there'll be some playing if you played this one all you were worth."

So on his own showing he got fuller and fuller of life up to the moment of his death and was happy all the time. "*I live man can't die*" was his great saying, and I don't believe *he* could die anyway. REPORTER



The Gold Piece in the Treasury

IN a well-conducted country, for every dollar of paper money afloat there is an equivalent gold piece held in the national Treasury.

A man's personality, what he calls "himself," is like that piece of circulating paper money.

But in his own secret Treasury there is a real "himself," pure gold, the genuine coin. The trouble with most of us is that we cannot find where that Treasury is, and have forgotten the gold piece. The paper piece, the circulating show-sheet, is all we know of and we regard it as the real coin and spend a lot of thought on it that had much better be used to search for the gold.

Try to *forget* that paper piece, the personality, and you will very soon begin to remember the other and where it is. Don't respect the paper piece so much. Don't try to have it so comfortable. Don't worry if it has to take a back seat or put up with slights or obey unpleasant rules and regulations or go without what it wants. Don't snarl at, or criticise, or pass judgment upon, or quarrel with, or feel unfriendly to other paper pieces, other men's personalities. They too are only flimsy representatives of gold pieces they don't know of. This tolerance of other peoples' peculiarities and faults, this charitable allowance-making, this not thinking of anybody in terms of their weaknesses—in a word, this forgetting—is the way to that forgetting of "yourself" which leads to finding *Yourself*, the gold piece in the white-tiled Treasury within. The paper may get soiled, torn, and will sometime wear out. The gold never will; it is imperishable and will always shine by a light of its own making. It is very much worth while finding.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," said a great Teacher; *is now there*. It is the Treasury. C.

The Philosophy of Silence

I WAS writing an article for our paper, and I promised myself it should be a very fine one. It was on "Blends of Character," and I had just achieved this striking introduction:



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BOTTOM, THE JOLLY WEAVER, IN KATHERINE TINGLEY'S LOMALAND PRESENTATION OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Personated by Mr. Montague Machell, a Student of the Râja-Yoga College.

"I have sometimes wished that men would exchange qualities. Here, for instance, is a silent man, silent and morose, poisoning himself and his surroundings by the ill-feeling he secretes and his unuttered criticism of everything that anybody does or says; here a genial man, genial and loquacious. Why should not the former,

still retaining his taciturnity and the stored and concentrated strength that goes with that, add to himself the antiseptic geniality of the other? Why should not the other, still retaining his geniality, borrow the touch of silence and so stop the mental leak that keeps his mind

so forceless, his brain so like a cistern with a hole half way up the side?"

"Very eloquent," said a voice behind me. "Just wait while I learn it by heart. I want to spout it as mine to the other fellows after supper tonight, introduce it in a kind of general way into our talk about art and potatoes and sunsets and things."

Of course it was Jim, one of the genial, loquacious ones I had been writing of. A momentary qualm got me at that moment lest I should have to class myself among the morose taciturns. But before I could settle about this, Jim took a new start.

"What's in this silence business, anyhow?" he said. "Just formulate your wisdom while I put on a pipe. Chin-wagging don't seem to me any very deadly sin. I feel the better for a bit of a chat, myself."

"I don't know that I have any great wisdom," I answered; "not yet, anyhow. But the silence idea has certainly been getting rather a hold on me lately. Remember that picture of *Sunset* in the Tremayne Gallery?"

"Rather!" he said; "a grand thing."

"Well, we watched the people looking at it. Two women, you may remember, came along with a guidebook and rattled off more chatter over the picture in a minute than you could print in a Sunday supplement.

"The very next couple, a man and a woman, looked at it for five or six minutes without a word, let it soak right in. They drew a

good breath as they walked away, and the man said, half to himself, 'He's got it,' meaning the painter of course.

"*They'd* got it! And they had to be silent to do it. The first pair never truly saw the picture, and for that matter never truly saw anything else in all their lives. If you sewed their tongues to the floor of their mouths

and clamped their jaws, their *minds* would still be at the same chatter.

"If I am looking at a beautiful scene, say a sunset again, maybe, and turn my head to say 'How beautiful!' to somebody alongside, I stop the work that scene is doing on my brain (through my eyes), bring it to a standstill, while my brain fashions and discharges the words. The force storing there upstairs is leaked away. If I'd kept lip-silent and mind-silent, my brain would have answered closer and closer to the colors, up to their highest and finest tints, *seen* more, in fact. The brain needs force to vibrate answeringly to fine things, and it is this force that runs away in talk. It's a force wasted nearly as much in *mind*-talk—the talk a man's mind keeps up in him all the time—as in lip-talk. The force escapes in the brain in that way even though it don't get down as far as the lips. In some fellows you can see their lips muttering as they think.

"The principle's the same if we want to get at the soul, the divine part, in us. Getting after the soul seems to me like getting the inwardness of a sunset or a picture. The soul is the inwardness of a man, the spiritual meaning of him. You've got to stop mind-chatter and *listen in*, feel in. You store your higher brain-force so that the brain can rise in vibration, can answer to a kind of thought so much higher than ordinary that at first we shan't call it thought at all.

"But you can't do that mind-silencing unless you practise it, practise in and out through the day. And this doesn't mean cutting out all friendly chat, either. It means getting out of the habit of having your thoughts trickle in a steady stream straight off your lips as fast as they come so long as there's any sort of a human being there to listen. And then it means getting the power little by little not to have this stream of empty worthless thoughts the whole time. And that's the true silence-power, the power of inner listening, of peace-seeking within. Why, man, we couldn't see the beauty of a sunset or hear the beauty of a piece of music unless the beauty was already somewhere inside us. That somewhere is the soul. . . . 'There are my thinkings on that topic so far. What's your idea?'"

But Jim's pipe suddenly dropped out of his hand on to the floor. He had gone to sleep! STUDENT



The Other Side of the Case

WHAT would be the most paralysing calamity that could befall a musician?

Deafness, seems to be the obvious answer. Yet one of the greatest of all musicians wrote some of the greatest of all music after becoming stone-deaf.

He was *deprived* of his hearing—would you put it in that way? Or might you say that being *released* (from this point of view) from *outer* hearing and its constant appeals to him, Beethoven's *inner* hearing could open the more fully? He could come the more perfect-

ly to his real work. The inner world of harmonies broadened and deepened and grew richer and sublimer just in proportion as the outer world-sounds lost their power to get in upon him. After all, a man's real being is not lived out in eating, drinking, enjoying himself, or amassing money.

Milton went blind and then wrote one of the world's grandest poems, *Paradise Lost*. The inner sight of his imagination was only cleared by the darkening of outer sight.

The maiden whom Dante loved died young and it seemed to him that his life was blotted out. But an inner, richer life opened for him; the girl whose picture lived in his memory became the symbol for him of his own soul. And from the inner place of his new life he wrote another of the world's immortal poems.

Assuredly these three men got more than the equivalent of their losses. Perhaps they might have missed the compensation if they had let themselves be drowned in despair. But they felt that something new was opening in them, and they gave themselves over to that.

For all the great losses in human life, compensation is ready, a compensation related to the highest part of the man's own nature, something which will be to him what the new hearing and sight and life were to Beethoven, Milton, and Dante. The other part will of course lament, the part which, because of the loss, cannot do as it did. Its laments may occupy the whole attention and prevent recognition of the new thing now at hand.

If we are wise we shall make no demand upon the Higher Law—the Power that compensates—for this or that particular form of compensation. Refusing to look back to what is gone, trusting this great Readjuster, we shall presently discover what it is doing for us. It may not give what the personal mind-self of us, ignorant of its own best needs and interests, is demanding. But always it is opening the way to our progress, always giving new opportunities, showing new doors to growth, to light, to peace, to the highest powers latent in us.

Let not those of us who have lost our freedom think of ourselves as "the shut-ins." Let us think of and look for what will *open out* in us. Much oftener is the man in the world the truly "shut-in." And then, for him, it will only be by the loss, the falling away, of all that he has acquired and enjoyed, and of the chances and power to acquire more, that he will be forced in upon himself and can find a new world and a new freedom. There may be a time of much pain between the loss of the one and the finding of the other, and he alone can determine the length of this. If he will refuse to look back at or call to mind the things and occasions he has lost; if he will press full-heartedly into all the hours and all the duties of his new life, trusting the great Readjuster to do the best for him and therefore always hoping—he will quickly find what the new life is silently offering. There will be pointers and suggestions, flashes of insight into his possibilities, peace and growth.

Finally, if we can say, of the three men whom we have taken as text, that it was just the falling away of some-thing outer that opened up the greater inner, their true work and being—have we not some hint of what death is? For it is the falling away of *all* the outer; and in that case it must bring a far fuller opening of the inner than could ever be reached during life. In this view death comes as a deliverer, key-giver, and friend.

STUDENT



Myself and I

I THINK it was very early morning, when the dreams that come are apt to be remembered. Anyhow I remembered this one:

I was watching myself living through the days, day after day, living my ordinary life. There were the usual pleasures, discomforts and annoyances, fulfilments of desires and disappointments.

Though I was living through all this, I was also looking on at it. The myself I was looking at, my ordinary self, was living as I have said, the usual ups and downs, pain predominating in the sandwich of pain and pleasure. The myself that looked on quietly was in none of these states but perfectly serene and indifferent. The other seemed an absurd little creature, fretting at its little pains, pleased with its little pleasures, trying to avoid one and get the other. I didn't care which happened.

Then I awoke, thinking I had found a key to living. It was years ago, and now I know I had.

It is of no use trying to get away from pains if you are willing to stay with pleasures. You cannot throw away one end of a stick.

Try the dream. When the day closes and you are alone before turning in, look back through the day and watch yourself living it; go again through the little worries and disappointments and pleasures. You, the looker-on, are serene enough. Imagine, further, that whilst these pains and pleasures were actually occurring, you were there, as you are now, looking on, split as it were into two.

A little practice in this gives you the power to do it actually, whilst the day is going along.

Then comes the question: Who am I that can look on whilst that other I, the little one, is worrying through the day, some days sick, some well, sometimes happy, oftener not happy?

This looker-on is the true self, in most men drowned in the other, the bodily self. In you it is now gradually coming undrowned, coming to itself, waking. It is the immortal, dipped into mortality for the gathering of experience. It is that which makes us able to say that every man is more than he seems, divine in his inner nature. And when we have thus fully awakened, a new life of unspeakable joy and power begins, the power to help the suffering and darkened hearts and minds of men in ways we cannot now conceive.

STUDENT

Germ-Proof

BY ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

THE Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gamboled up;
They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised;
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of disease;
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphureted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears,
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled
shears;

They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;
They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup,
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.—*Selected*



Success

BY HENRY VICTOR MORGAN

I HOLD that man alone succeeds
Whose life is crowned by noble deeds,
Who cares not for the world's applause
But scorns vain custom's outgrown laws,
Who feels not dwarfed by nature's show,
But deep within himself doth know
That conscious man is greater far
Than ocean, land or distant star;
Who does not count his wealth by gold,
His worth by office he may hold,
But feels himself, as man alone,
As good as king upon a throne;
Who battling 'gainst each seeming wrong,
Can meet disaster with a song—
Feel sure of victory in defeat,
And rise refreshed the foe to meet;
Who only lives the world to bless,
Can never fail—he is Success.—*Selected*



LITTLE Mary was set to watch a flock of chickens. The hens kept together very well, but the rooster was inclined to wander inquisitively towards another flock of chickens next door.

"Come back here!" cried Mary. "Come back to your own family."

But the rooster kept straight on. Mary looked at him a moment, disgustedly; then she said in a low, bitter voice:

"That's just like you men!"



IN ADDITION to the purpose for which THE NEW WAY was established, viz., for Gratuitous Distribution in Prisons, many persons have expressed their interest in, and desire to subscribe for it. It will continue as heretofore to be distributed free in Prisons, in accordance with its original purpose; but for those who wish to subscribe for it the subscription price is (Domestic) Seventy-five Cents per year, Ten Cents per copy. Club Subscriptions of four or more, per year, each, Fifty Cents. Get your friends to join you in subscribing. Foreign Subscriptions, per year, \$1.00. Five Subscriptions for \$3.00. Ten Subscriptions for \$5.00.

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THE NEW WAY, Point Loma, California.

New Way Notebook

WHEN another has wronged us, let us fix our thought on our own inability to stand the wrong without resentment or wincing, rather than on the injustice we have suffered or the man who inflicted it. How splendid, how worthy of a man, to be able to stand anything without a quiver, without the least loss of evenness, without a moment's halt in his progress! Indeed this is itself progress.—*Stoic Aphorism*

For every man there comes a crisis, when, in a moment, without chance for reflection, he must decide and act instantly. What determines his decision? His whole past, the daily choice between good and evil that he has made throughout his previous years—these determine his decision.—*George Eliot*

It is but the accident of birth that makes us love this country rather than that. Let us daily imagine ourselves as having been born in the other lands, among the other peoples, and thus acquire a patriotism as broad as humanity. The practice will do more for our growth of character than we can believe.—*"A Wanderer's Notebook"*

WHEN thou hast been ruffled by circumstances, retire within thyself and regain thy peace as quickly as thou canst. Each time that thou doest this the work will be easier and in the end thou wilt achieve a harmony that nothing and no one can disturb.—*Marcus Aurelius*

If we observe the ordinary action of our minds we shall discover that the stream runs of itself without the least assistance on our part. But try to stem this stream or alter its direction, and the resistance is terrific. He who resolutely guides his mind may help to sweeten and clear the atmosphere of public thought, though he may remain silent and apparently inactive. He who would forge ahead in character-building must be eternally on guard to challenge every vagrant thought that seeks an easy playground in his mind. Otherwise he may find his peace wrecked and his progress stopped for days or weeks.—*Century Path*

No man's possibilities are limited till he stands still and says to himself that they are. Refuse to do that; make another effort; the effort itself is progress. And so onward forever.—*The Way-bill*

HALF the clouds that darken our minds and moods are due to thinking of the faults, failings and weaknesses of others. A peculiar irritability is thus developed which prevents any possibility of happiness or mental clearness. Call up in thought the men you know. Do the best, or the worst and weakest qualities of each come first into view? Are you friendly, or harsh and critical? No man ever gets peace whose mental keynote is criticism. No man can grow great qualities in himself while he ponders small ones in others. Our thoughts of others may be said to be the soil in which our own characters, small or great, grow.—*Century Path*

Heard This?

Inquisitive Westerner (to one-armed fellow passenger): "Lost an arm, I see. Railroad accident?"

One-armed man, coldly: "No."

Westerner: "Auto smash?"

One-armed man, as before: "No."

Westerner: "Torn out in a mill, perhaps?"

One-armed man: "Stranger, you seem to want to know how I lost this arm. If you'll take your oath not to ask another question I'll tell you."

Westerner: "Honor bright. How was it?"

One-armed man: "It was *bit* off. Now shut your head."

"Why are you offering such a thundering big reward for the return of that mangy cur?"

"Oh, just for the look of the thing."

"But you told me the other day you hated the sight of it. Suppose somebody brings it back?"

"No one will. I drowned it."

"Well, Dinah, I hear you are married."

"Yassum, I'se done got me a man now."

"Is he a good provider?"

"Yassum. He's a mighty good pervider, but I'se powerful skeered he's gwine ter git kitched at it."

"The same punishment," said the prisoner meditatively, "can be a very different thing in different cases. When I was at school a boy friend of mine and I were sentenced for the same offense to stay in one Saturday afternoon till each of us had written his name five hundred times. It seemed even enough. But my name's Bush and his was Schwindelkoffmann."

"How do you manage to pick out such excellent jokes for your joke column?"

"Well," said the Editor, "it's this way. I look over my cuttings in church during the sermon and any joke that makes me laugh then I know is good."

Census man (to little girl who opened the door): "Would you please tell me the names of the residents in this cottage?"

Little girl: "Please sir, there ain't no residents; we only hired it for the hop-picking."

Census man: "Well, who slept here last night?"

Little girl: "Please sir, nobody slept here. I had the toothache dreadful, and my little brother had the stomachache through eatin' green apples and Jim got awful bad blisters on his back through pickin' in the sun mid-day, an' we all took on so that nobody slept here, sir; no sir."

Boy, to manager: "Did you hang out this here sign:

Capable Boy Wanted

Manager, sternly: "I did; what business had you to tear it down?"

Boy: "Hully Gee! *I'm the boy*, ain't I?"

Manager: "I believe you are."

1.1.05
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For PRISONERS and OTHERS
Whether Behind the Bars or Not

"Plow thou the rock until it bear."

PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
AND PASS ON TO ANOTHER

THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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THE FAMOUS "CHIMAERA," AN ANCIENT ETRUSCAN BRONZE

(The "Chimaera" was a fire-breathing monster, the fore part of whose body was that of a lion, the middle part that of a goat, and the hind part that of a dragon. Seems to be extinct now.)

Human Nature

HOW the Optimist and the Pessimist came to be in the same cell is neither here nor there. They make an interesting pair, anyway. Though they see things quite differently, they agree that the world is badly off, with its poverty and suffering, its disease, folly, vice and crime, insanity and wars.

One evening the Pessimist said:

"Human nature makes a failure of its free-will. Other civilizations before ours have flourished and gone

down, and at the rate the present one is 'progressing' from bad to worse, it seems that this will follow the rest. The race is unable to get beyond a certain point. Always men have cried out for more freedom; but the freer we are the faster we go to pieces. While we brag about modern achievements, we are repeating that same old story of cruelty and selfishness which has always shown men to be unfit to control their own lives. The whole scheme seems like an aimless see-saw, up and down. We can't change human nature."

"Certainly we cannot," said the Optimist cheerfully.

"Then what is to be done about it?"

"Study it!" was the emphatic reply.

"But that's just it. It's my study of the human case that makes me hopeless. Take history. Go back two thousand years, when the law of 'an eye for an eye' was changed for the Golden Rule of seeking your brother's benefit. See how men have persecuted each other in the name of the Teacher they professed to follow, and lost the real meaning of his message by splitting it up into a thousand different creeds. And now that Christian nations have big churches at home and missionaries abroad, they are warring like barbarians with each other, and all for no real reason. Follow the hard road traveled by the laborers down the centuries, as slave and serf, as tenant and wage-earner. Today they are exploited, as always, by some task-master; and the poor man who gets the upper hand proves as unscrupulous as the rest. Nor does our boasted education do anything to enlighten men as to the folly of selfishness. Ignorance was thought to be the greatest of all evils; but whilst the modern educators have been free to work out a long series of systems, the results show a loss in both conscience and common sense, and an actual gain in depravity and insanity. Whichever way you look at the case, human nature falls short, and we cannot change human nature."

"Fortunately we cannot," said the Optimist. "What we need to change is *our estimate* of human nature, instead of trying to figure it out at a disreputable discount. A normal man is a mixture of the god and the animal, with a mind which is middle ground that both try to occupy. It is the right relation of the two that makes a human being a sane, sound and upright creature, not groveling on all fours or with his head in the clouds.

"The trouble is, men are not *human enough* in thought and action. They are always getting wrong results because they try to work out life's problems with the god in them *minus* and the animal *plus*. All the while the power to change the proportion is within themselves. Re-read history, and remember that all the splendid, heroic, unselfish and uplifting deeds recorded of each age are the pictured possibilities of all the unmentioned millions of men.

"Human nature never was wholly mean. The history of any hero stirs even common blood with a feeling of intimate kinship. The sympathies of the mean and cowardly are enlisted by the story of a worthy and undaunted fighter. Take that play given on the chapel stage last night: how naturally we prisoners forgot our mistakes to side, with thunderous applause, with the cause of truth and right. It was not hypocrisy, either. It was our better human nature that responded to the appeal to it in the dramatic picture.

"There is enough moral force in our thousand inmates to make this place a center of inspiration to every newcomer, and change his whole idea of life. If we hadn't given the animal his head, in some way or other, we

wouldn't be in this trap. Talk about creating the world in seven days, why, if men would only take the control of the creative quality from their animal natures and direct its currents along purely human levels, they could quickly make a new world out of this old one. Because men have forgotten their noble origin, their wily animal nature blinds them into thinking their desires and lower emotions are themselves. The paralysing doubt of their true power poisons their minds with a belittling belief in the natural depravity of human nature. Depravity is always an *unnatural* state, either for an animal or a man. It is a diseased perversion for human mind to be controlled by the lower instincts. Things are surely upside down when the lesser controls the greater.

"The simple and only way to establish peace on earth and economic justice and true education is for each man to harmonize the opposing forces of his own mixed nature, to do justice to his Real Self, and to understand himself. It is true that 'man is not man as yet.' Compared with rounded-out, complete manhood, we are like a lot of awkward, noisy, quarrelsome, overgrown school-boys. It is time we outgrew the dictation of mere animal instinct, and asserted our human reason. The first *practical* step toward the finding of our natural nobility is to *believe* in it. 'As a man thinketh, so is he.' And step by step, one soon finds it to be the best kind of traveling on *The New Way*.

No. 353



The Cause of Crime

J. J. SANDERS of the Arizona State Prison, in *The Fra*

WHAT is the main cause of crime?

One of the main causes of crime is the utter lack of educated or trained will-power of the average individual. Ignorance of the psychic laws governing emotion has more to do with wrongdoing than has anything and everything else combined. Any person who allows anger, fear, jealousy, worry or despondency to rule his better self is a potential criminal. No person can be said to have an impregnable character who yields to any of the negative emotions. All human character is weak that gives way to anger, fear, jealousy, worry or despondency.

Can impregnable characters be built through education and training of the will?

Science says they can, and science speaks from practical experience. Love and courage are positive emotions. Anger is the negative or opposite pole of love, while fear is the opposite pole of courage. Love and courage are Christian virtues. No person is a true Christian who is ignorant of the law governing these virtues. If the Men's Forward and Religion Movement would insist on every one becoming efficient in the science of psychology, what a character-building movement it would be! If the children in the Sunday Schools of America were taught how to overcome each and every negative emotion, what impregnable Gibaltars of character they

would become! The teachers in the public schools would soon catch the spirit, as would also the parents and guardians of American children; and as a result Americans would very soon become the strongest in human character of this or any other age the world has ever known. Any person who has acquired self-control and self-mastery can not be said to be a potential criminal. Nothing can swerve such a character from the path of rectitude.

The late J. P. Morgan rated character above tangible security in loaning money. With this greatest of American bankers, character was a very strong business asset. He knew from practical experience that a man of indomitable character would fulfil any obligation he incurred. Nations are no stronger than the composite character of their people. The poet Goldsmith tritely expressed this truth in the *Deserted Village* when he said: "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The accumulation of character is of vaster importance to the growth and well-being of a nation than is the accumulation of wealth. Our nation has been scientifically accumulating wealth, while character has been allowed to rustle and hustle as best it can without the aid of science. It is all very well to accumulate the wealth, but why not apply scientific principles to the building of character as well? Character should be the first thought of a people striving for a fixed place in the Sun of Nations.



Health by Exercise

A FEW years ago the physical exercise cult arose and spread everywhere. There were magazines devoted to it, and in the Sunday supplements there were sets of pictures showing you exactly how to roll about on the floor and stand on your toes and whirl your elbows around your ears. There were special systems, to learn which you had to pay fees; and for other fees you could have your special symptoms specially met by special forms of exercise. Men would ask you to feel their biceps and admiringly throw a measuring tape around their inflated chests.

We do not hear so much about all this now. The public as a whole may be said to have become disappointed in the results of what it entered upon so enthusiastically.

Yet there is nothing wrong with right exercise. If you know what you are doing, exercise is one of the chief ways to health.

Every now and then we catch a cold, feel pretty slack for a week or so, and then feel better than before we caught it. Every few years most of us get some quite serious illness, say a pneumonia. And it is one of these that usually finishes us.

From one point of view the cold is a disease. But from another it is a burning up of rubbish piles accumulated here and there about the body. That is why,

when the waste is burnt up and the cold is gone we feel better than before we caught it.

The cold does not consume the whole of the wastes. Nor does the next, nor the next. Some accumulations remain which the colds cannot reach. When they have got to a certain point a grand conflagration occurs, our pneumonia, for instance. Then the deck may at last be nearly clean.

Diseases attended by fever, considered as burnings up of rubbish, appear therefore as disguised blessings. Nevertheless even a common cold damages the body. It would be much better to get rid of the wastes as fast as they form and in some other way than by fever.

This is the value of exercise; *not* the growing of big muscles. The man who shows you a big biceps is not showing you any sign of health. He is as likely to crumple up with pneumonia tomorrow as the man with a small one. Every muscle in the body should have some good stiff exercise every day, but not for the purpose of growing it up in size. The exercise should be for the purpose of making it squeeze its wastes out of it into the blood stream, whence they will be turned out of the body by the kidneys and skin, or changed into gases and breathed out by the lungs. Never mind the size of your muscles; only see to it that they are capable under your will of becoming firm and hard, and that every day in the course of exercises they *do* become firm and hard. A few minutes night and morning is wanted for this, every movement the body is capable of being made to the utmost. If you attend to every muscle and every joint, thinking the thing out for yourself, you won't need to look at any pictures in the supplements.

Rubbing the body all over every day with a wet and then a dry towel, therefore serves two purposes. It cleans the skin of wastes which have been thrown out—a very important matter for health; and it squeezes every muscle. If a further rub with the bare hands follows, so much the better. Drinking a good lot of water—warm, cold, or hot—perhaps an hour before meals, helps the work of the kidneys and will benefit or cure rheumatism. Rheumatism is due to a special sort of accumulated wastes.

But where do the wastes come from? How do they get where they are?

All living matter, whatever its kind, makes wastes in the normal course of its work and activities. That's one source.

Another, and a more important one, comes from food eaten in excess of requirements. Although it may be perfectly digested and enter the blood, the active body tissues will not accept more of it than they need. The rest is hurtful waste.

Now we see why the cheerful, alert, erect man is always more healthy than the dismal, slack, slouchy, grouchy and quarrelsome man. His muscles are screwed up, on tone, elastic. Wastes are squeezed out of them as fast as formed. In the other man's slack muscles they

lag and stagnate. This is one of the ways in which mental tone reacts for good on the body. An alert cheerfulness of mind steadily kept up, gradually made to replace all tendency to the blues or any other of its opposites, very soon acquires a purifying, curative and creative influence on the body. Combine it with the few exercises recommended, done morning and night; lean over, when in doubt, always toward the side of less rather than more food; and you will do more for your health in six months than you can now believe possible. M. D.



The Double River of Life

GIVE an anatomist just a bone of some extinct animal and from that he will be able to reconstruct for us the creature's entire skeleton and body.

The astronomer notes the path of a comet for a night or two and from the bit of it he thus sees he can work out the whole orbit requiring perhaps years to traverse.

We are always trying to treat each other in the same way. We see a man is a glutton at the table or come upon him doing a mean thing. So we proceed to make our picture of the entire man from that one trait. For us he henceforth walks about all day as a glutton or a thief. That failing is about all we think of in thinking of him. We construct his whole orbit, his whole skeleton of character, from one element, one bone.

But it may have happened that the same man gave up a pleasure excursion yesterday afternoon to write some letters for a sick comrade, and afterwards sat up the night with him. If that was all you knew of him you might call him a saint. But he isn't that either.

The fact is that every one of us is two: a selfish animal and a something divine. The battle between the two is sometimes drawn; sometimes for a time one wins out and takes the entire field; in a few men it looks as if the demon was the only acting force left; in one here and there the divine part has won a final victory.

I had been listening to music, marvelously played, and though I had returned to my work I worked as if in a dream, for most of my mind was still in the current of the music.

Gradually my work took its usual hold of me, stirring my interest and claiming more and more of my attention. At last the music vanished altogether and I was fully in the work.

But when I lay down that night it returned to me and I found that whilst I had been absorbed at my work new harmonies and melodies had woven themselves and came now full-formed into my mind. It was as in the morning when one finds that in the hours of sleep some problem has solved itself and stands ready for use.

It seemed to me that I knew now how man comes divine into the body from some divine world or current. The new business of matter-life absorbs the whole attention, even as did my work, leaving none for the still

continuing background of the divine life, the still flowing divine current. Deep within us, our divinity remains, a living and working factor still in the divine life of all things. And as the child grows older, and especially under the guidance of right education, he begins to become fitfully conscious once more of it and to side with it sometimes against the lower impulses in his make-up. Moreover in certain natures it breaks through betimes as the inspiration of the musician or of the artist or poet, as the sudden flash to the inventor's or scientist's mind, as the sudden deed of heroism.

This is how we are two natures, two selves, yet one, with power of choice to live as the animal, leaving the other faint and unnoticed; or to live divinely, thus mastering the animal and gradually awakening into one full consciousness of our divinity and of our work as gods. "Is it not written in your law, I said, ye are gods?" We are both animal and divine; selfish and all-loving; in the life of matter and in that of soul.

In which of these two lives will we place the mind? For thought can run with the stream of matter and at death be lost; or with the other, coming to all understanding and surmounting death.

So we cannot learn the whole of a man's character from any one expression of it.

STUDENT



The Case for Pain

EVERY judge ought to serve a term in jail; he ought to know what he's sentencing fellows to."

"You couldn't make that work, for the term must be long enough to make him crave to get out with every last fiber in his anatomy. The other way would be to put a real ex-con. on the bench."

"Certainly there are things in prison life that can only be known by being lived through. It's a fiercer oven than any outsider can ever imagine. Yet for that very reason it's a privilege, and the worse the pain the more the profit of it."

"I guess I'd trade away some of the profit if I could pack the pain in the same parcel. But where is this profit? What is on the credit side?"

"It may be that sort of profit that a man would *admit*, and yet not the sort that he would *choose* if the choice was left with him. Some men, perhaps most, would admit, after passing through a period of great pain, that they were glad to have had it. They don't want it again; they don't want any more of it; but they know it did something for them, or on them, that they feel was good. They know they'd be the poorer in character if they hadn't passed through it.

"But take the thing another way round. Here's a fellow that's always had everything his own way, always had a good time, always had things easy and pleasant, no real pain or grief at all. Isn't he likely to be soft? Is he likely to be a man you'd go to in trouble or wanting a brace-up?

"On the other side is a fellow who's been in hell, had all the kinds of pain of mind there are. How's he likely to compare in fiber with the first one, the easy-lived chap? Isn't he likely to be more of a man, more grown-up in character, more the sort that you *would* go to?"

certain largeness and strength and tenderness and power of sympathy which the easy and pleasant life never can: why isn't it a privilege to be in here and perhaps have every last fiber on the steady ache?"

"I don't reckon that pain is always to be on the program of human life. We get *some* steps — necessary ones — out of it. But the steps of our mind-growth that are to come later-on will have *peace* (of mind) for their footway. After a while it'll be in peace and joy that men will go forward. Only in *that* atmosphere can the *greatest* mind-powers open and ripen.

"But we've got to win it. It'll come first to the strong ones. There's a man in a foaming stream. It's easy and peaceful to float down with the current. But that easy sort of peace is nothing. There's another man *fighting* the stream, won't go with it, gets struck by the passing snags, blown by the wind, blinded by the spray, turned over and carried down a piece. But he don't give. His strength grows. He begins to move up little by little. At last he gains the wide, smooth, easy water above. He's won his peace.

"Same with pain. No man's in pain but what he's fighting it with his will, trying to bear it, trying to get strength against it, craving to get the upper side of it, and in every crave gaining a little strength towards winning. All that's true even if he don't know it, even if he thinks he's altogether flat on his back and paralysed under it. It wouldn't be pain if there wasn't something somewhere in him fighting it, even if the tactics are wrong.

"That's what I mean when I say that all pain is waking up strength somewhere in us. Good for the man that knows it and consciously takes a hand in the game and *tries more to end the pain itself than to do away with the circumstances that cause it*. Pain enough to call out all their strength will sometime come to all men. Those easy-lived fellows are only having a rest, or may-



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IN LOMALAND

Young Rāja-Yoga students gathering flowers for the decoration of their schoolrooms.

I don't say that's always so. Some men seem crushed out with pain; but even so there's something to them that the easy-lived chap hasn't got.

"Now if it's more than not the case that when a man has got through a spell of pain he's glad to have had it; and if it's more than not the case that pain wakes up a

up strength somewhere in us. Good for the man that knows it and consciously takes a hand in the game and *tries more to end the pain itself than to do away with the circumstances that cause it*. Pain enough to call out all their strength will sometime come to all men. Those easy-lived fellows are only having a rest, or may-

be ain't old enough yet to be able to stand the discipline. I mean old enough in a big sense. We were alive before we came into this present life of ours and we'll be alive after its finished. It's just a stage on the program. We've had disciplines and pleasure before and shall have them after. Some men are born older and maturer than others—because they've had more pain in a forgotten past. Some are born young and need things easy a while before the toughening begins.

"That's the case for pain, boys."

REPORTER



Let Us Clean Up!

IT is one of the laws of life that sooner or later, for every latent element in a man's character, just those circumstances and conditions will arise that will draw it out of its latency and give it play. It is thus that we come to know our hidden streak of unselfishness or cowardice or generosity or meanness. The hidden hero or the hidden cur, the thief or the liar, the peacock, the lion, the pig, the snake—come into view.

There is no escaping this law. But it has much compassion for our failings, and unless there is at last no other way for it, it does not seem to desire to expose them to others. For a long time it works with each of us privately, gives him many little private chances to see for himself what is in him that ought not to be there. If he takes these little hints and starts out on an honest self-cure course, all goes well.

But if he *won't* take them—why, what is there for it but to bring about conditions that will expose him more or less publicly? And even then it is working solely for his good. It takes long views. The thread of life is not cut by death. Sometime we are to be noble and flawless men and women and shall then be able to look back at all our pains and be glad of having had them.

As for the big qualities, the heroism and the rest, they'll get exposed anyhow sometime. For it is good and helpful to the rest of the world to see them.

STUDENT



The Two Lights

(From the Persian)

"THERE is a spiritual Light for the eyes of the understanding as there is visible light for the eyes of the body.

"Even as the soul of man dwelleth in his body and worketh outwardly through it, so doth spiritual Light dwell in the visible light, and whilst the latter giveth to all creatures their bodily life, so doth this other give the spiritual Life whereby they are enabled to rise ever higher in the scale of life.

"Think of this, O man, when thou lookest upon the rising sun and art made glad thereby. As thine eyes look upon the visible glory, let the unseen spiritual Life

and glory enter thy soul and wake thee to a new and nobler manhood, a new strength, a new helpfulness for all that lives.

"Even if thou art in a dungeon and mayest not behold the daily Renewer of life as he entereth his path in the eastern heavens, bethink thee of the moment of his entering, for at that moment beyond all others of the day thou mayest feel in thy body the thrill and in thy soul the awakening, though thine eyes see naught but a bare wall."

These words were written in the little book which was given me by the stranger passing me upon his camel in the desert. And I read them daily and did even as the book had said, so that in no long time, practising day by day, I got new life both of body and soul. Some of my youth came back to me; in my mind there awakened an understanding of the hidden things and meanings of life; and in my soul there was born a joy and a peace that overpass all saying, that fade now not at all, and that have made me know my immortality and my kinship with the spiritual Light that worketh for the good and happiness and upliftment of all worlds.

But there were other things written in the little book and of them I will tell thee in another letter, O my friend Akbar.



Failing Eyesight

HERE'S a prescription for the failing eyesight of middle life which will always benefit and may entirely cure. Read it carefully three times.

Immediately before going to bed give two or three minutes to a gentle but firm, deep stroking or massage of the closed eyelids with the finger tips. Do this rubbing from the nose outward, slowly, and of course not compressing the eyeballs to the extent of pain or discomfort.

Then with the eyelids still closed, and now as tightly closed as you possibly can, roll the eyes around under them as if you were looking first at the sky, then well to the right, then downward, then to the left and up again, keeping the head still. This a few times till the muscles that do the eye-moving begin to ache a little.

Finally sponge or splash the eyes with cold water a minute or so till they feel cold.

In the morning put your face under water and open and close the eyes several times, but do not repeat the night exercises.

Keep this up steadily and see whether in a month you cannot discard your glasses.

The reason of the prescription is that wastes form in the various parts of the eyeball as they do in every other organ. In time they cause a stiffening of the lens, resulting in the far-sightedness of middle-aged people. The exercises and massage squeeze out the wastes and tend to restore the elasticity of the lens.

M. D.

The Soul

BY GEORGE BARLOW

THE Soul shall burst her fetters
At last, and shall be
As the stars, as the wind, as the night,
As the sun, as the sea.

The Soul shall struggle and stand
In the end swift and free
As the stars, as the wind, as the night,
As the sun, as the sea.

The Soul shall be crowned and calm,
Eyes fearless—and she
Shall be queen of the wind and the night,
Stars, sun, and the sea.—*Selected*



Humanity

BY RICHARD WATSON DIXON

THERE is a soul above the soul of each,
A mightier soul, which yet to each belongs:
There is a sound made of all human speech,
And numerous as the concourse of all songs:
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,
Tho' all the ages are its life-time vast;
Each soul that dies in its most sacred whole
Receiveth life that shall for ever last.

And thus for ever with a wider span
Humanity o'erarches time and death;
Man can elect the universal man
And live in life that ends not with his breath,
And gather glory that increases still
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust shall fill.

—*Selected*



Abou Ben Adhem

BY LEIGH HUNT

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!



Habits

IF you desire to form a right habit, says Professor William James, "seize the very first possible opportunity to *act* on every resolution you make and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habit you desire to gain." It is not in the moment of their *forming*, but in the moment of their passing

into *acts*, that resolutions and aspirations give the new "set" to character. "No matter how full a reservoir of maxims one may possess, and no matter how good one's sentiments may be, if one have not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to *act*, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. Every time a resolve or a fine glow of feeling evaporates without bearing practical fruit it is worse than a chance lost;" it works so as positively to take the life out of future resolutions and emotions in the right direction. If we often flinch from making efforts which ought to be made, the habit of flinching will be formed, and "before we know it the effort-making capacity will be gone; if we suffer the wandering of our attention, presently it will wander all the time."

"As a final practical maxim we may, then, offer something like this: Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points; do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test. Asceticism of this sort is like the insurance which a man pays on his house and goods. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him a return. But if the fire does come, his having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man who has accustomed himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

"We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little mark or scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well! he may not count it, . . . but it is being counted none the less. . . . Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Which, of course, has its good side as well as its bad one."



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New Way Notebook

CHRISTMAS

I THINK I can understand why among so many peoples, Christian and non-Christian, Christmas is regarded as the birth-time of a spiritual something in the heart of man. *Physical* life begins to rise with the March spring-coming and is at its height at midsummer. Declining with autumn, it is at its lowest by mid-winter, the Christmas time. And it is because of that, and just then, that the *spiritual* life has its best opportunity and can start some new growth and come to a new birth. For the same reason the late evening of each *day*, when the physical forces of the body are declining to their rest, is the fruitfulest time for spiritual effort.

— MOELLER

HE who carries his own burden cheerfully is helping all those around him to carry theirs.

LOOK within, for within is the spring of good that is ever ready to gush forth if thou wilt but dig patiently.

— MARCUS AURELIUS

It is a good thing to strike while the iron is hot, but it is a better thing to make the iron hot by striking.

— OLIVER CROMWELL

EVERYTHING matters more than we think it does, and at the same time nothing matters as much as we think it does.— SAMUEL BUTLER

If it is true—and it is—that when you are feeling most self-satisfied you are nearest a moral fall, it should also be true—and it is—that when you are feeling most *dissatisfied* with yourself a great step upward is within your power.— THE NOTEBOOK

THE best way to prove oneself fit for a larger place is to fill the present one so full that it shall run over.

MEDITATE on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods.— SOCRATES

I HAVE learned that all men are weak and that all men are strong; that within each one is the other, either lurking to slay or biding the moment to succor from trouble and despair. . . . No man nor woman suffering a ruptured life in a prison cell is a less important unit in the evolution of humanity than is the money king, the man with the hoe, or the minister with the gospel. No human being has yet lived, and no human being now lives, who has not served or does not serve an important purpose in the great scheme of things.— DONALD LOWRIE

NEVER admit to yourself that you have reached the limit of your possibilities. Even if you have, the effort to take another step brings about the growth of will and character. From which it follows that you had *not* reached them. As a matter of fact, no one ever does or can. Effort is always growth.

Heard This?

"The spacious home of Judge and Mrs. Riner was the scene of a beautiful wedding last evening when their youngest daughter, Dorothy, was joined in holy deadlock to Mr. William Price."

If the young man who was seen saying good-bye to his girl on 4th Street last Sunday evening after church time will become a subscriber to this journal, no further mention will be made of the matter.

The sick man had just come out of a long delirium. "Where am I?" he said, feebly, as he felt the loving hands making him comfortable. "Where am I? In heaven?" "No, dear," cooed his devoted wife. "I am with you."

Constable: "Now then, come out o' that. No one allowed bathing here after 8 a.m."

The face in the water: "Excuse me, sergeant; I'm *not* bathing; I'm only drowning."

Shopkeeper: "That knife has four blades besides a corkscrew."

Scotsman: "Have ye not got one wi' one blade and four corkscrews?"

READ IT AGAIN: Eugene Clough, of Ellsworth Falls, has a calf, born Tuesday, which has three hind legs. One of the hind legs is grown where a foreleg should be.

The millionaire was dying, and as he looked back over his life he began to remember various little deeds and transactions that might, he feared, presently give trouble. "If," he said to the clergyman sitting by his bedside, "if I leave several thousand to the church, will it assure my salvation?"

To which the other answered: "Well, I wouldn't like to be too positive, but it's certainly worth trying."

"How long has it been raining?" asked the dejected tourist of the old villager the morning after his arrival.

"Dunno," was the reply, "I've only been here seventeen years."

The tourist got his raincoat and umbrella and slopped miserably down the wet street. Another old villager, with a piece of sacking over his shoulders, was looking over the little bridge into the trout stream. To this man he said, "Does it always rain here?"

"No, no," returned the other cheerfully, "at times it snows, and then again there'll be hail."

Some little city urchins were taken for a summer day's outing on a farm. When they had got tired running about and playing in the fields they were all given a mid-morning glass of rich milk. "Gee! that's fine," said one little chap. "Wisht our milkman kep' a cow."

"I've got such a lot to tell you."

"Come along to the symphony concert and we'll talk it all over."